

Catholic Digest

AUGUST 1952

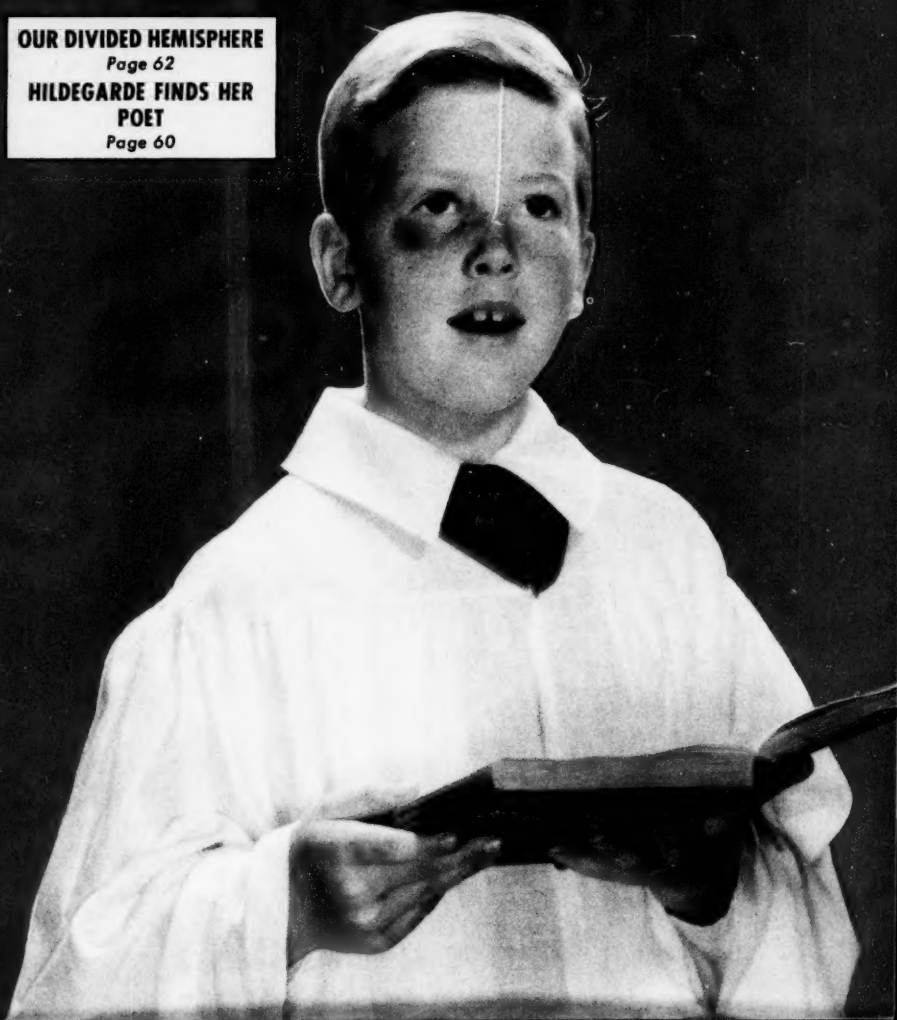
25¢

OUR DIVIDED HEMISPHERE

Page 62

HILDEGARDE FINDS HER POET

Page 60



Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



COVER: Saturday's adventures sometimes mar that well-scrubbed angelic look so characteristic of choirboys singing during high Mass. Photo by Carlyle Blackwell, Jr.

ST. PAUL OFFICE

Send subscriptions to this address
41 East 8th Street, . . . St. Paul 2, Minn.
EDITOR Paul Bussard
MANAGING EDITOR . . . Louis A. Gales
ASSISTANT EDITORS: Kenneth Ryan,
Edward A. Harrigan, Harold J.
O'Loughlin, Joseph E. Aberwald,
Herman J. Sittard, Jean Oesterle
ART: Kern Pederson

NEW YORK OFFICE

300 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR . . . Jeanne Dixon
PICTURES Joseph C. Jones
BOOK EDITOR . . . Francis B. Thornton
CIRCULATION . . . Robert C. Morrow
PROMOTION . . . Thomas J. McElroy
SALES George Hamilton

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.
FRANCE: Eglise-Digeste Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.
FAMILIAL Digest-Digeste Catholique, 31 rue de Fleurus, Paris VI.

BELGIUM: Katholieke Digest, Eglise, and Familial Digest, 40 Boulevard de Jodoigne, Louvain.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizier, 4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herenthalstrasse, Aachenburg.

JAPAN: 765-7678, 20 Honshicho, Shinjuku, Tokyo.

LATIN AMERICA: Lo Mejor del Catholic Digest, 300 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille Press, 80 St. Stephen St., Boston 15.
\$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to the addresses given, not the St. Paul office.

VOL. 16 CONTENTS - AUGUST NO. 10

- 1 BUILDING WITH LATIN AMERICA'S BISHOPS
Raymond A. Lane, M. M.
 - 7 HILAIRE BELLOC AT 80
Picture Post
 - 12 DOVES, WOLVES, AND MAN "King Solomon's Ring"
 - 16 HOME, HOME IS OUR RANGE
"Strong Cigars and Lovely Women"
 - 18 DON'T SELL FRANCE SHORT United Nations World
 - 22 A LIFETIME OF THREE HOURS
Tidings
 - 24 SAND-LOT ANGEL
Baltimore Sunday Sun
 - 26 WANTED: LEADER IN THE ORIENT
Realities
 - 29 WHEN YOU GET THE HICCUPS
Today's Health
 - 32 FIGL OF AUSTRIA
London Tablet
 - 35 CROSSBOW TOURNAMENT
Picture Story
 - 41 FIRST LADY OF POVERTY
"The Perfect Joy of St. Francis"
 - 46 THE ANCIENT OLYMPICS
Richard M. Haywood
 - 52 RAWHIDE RAILROAD
"Far Corner"
 - 56 "IN 25 WORDS OR LESS" "Successful Prize Contests"
 - 60 HILDEGARDE FINDS HER POET
A Letter
 - 62 OUR DIVIDED HEMISPHERE "We of The Americas"
 - 70 LOGS FOR A BACKWOODS CHAPEL
"Giant in the Wilderness"
 - 75 BLOOD BANKER FOR THE PHILIPPINES
Mario Chanco
 - 79 NEW WHITE HOUSE, OLD LOOK
House & Home
 - 84 HOW TO TREAT YOUR WIFE
"The Intelligent Man's Guide to Women"
 - 87 THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
George A. Cerasco
 - 90 CUTTING YOUR FOOD COSTS
"Solving the High Cost of Eating"
 - 97 THE HELL CATHOLIC
Father X
 - 107 COMMUNIST TORTURES IN
MISSIONARY CHINA
Collier's
 - 117 RETIRE WITH DIGNITY
"Should I Retire?"
 - 120 CHAPLAINS GO TO SCHOOL
Picture Story
- WE CAN AVOID WAR IF— 11
THIS STRUCK ME. 23 THE OPEN DOOR. 34
BOOKS FOR THE UNWARY. 93
FLIGHTS OF FANCY. 116

Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3 the year; 2 years for \$5; 3 years for \$7.50; 4 years for \$10. Same rates for two or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second-class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1952 by The Catholic Digest, Inc.

Building With Latin America's Bishops

The greatest need is priests, and the new program will supply them

By ✠ RAYMOND A. LANE, M.M.

A FEW MONTHS AGO I had occasion to make a car trip across the Andean Altiplano from La Paz, Bolivia, to Puno, Peru. In village after village we passed old colonial churches. Many of the churches were without padres, even in towns of considerable population.

The wave of sadness that surged up in me as I passed through these priestless villages is difficult to describe. I had experienced it many times before. Empty churches, priestless towns, peoples of many nations yearning for the regularity of spiritual consolation.

It is estimated that three out of every five persons in Latin America are without adequate spiritual care. The bishops of the various Latin countries are well aware of the problem, and working hard towards a solution. But the problems defy a quick answer.

Many North American Religious groups—Jesuits, Capuchins, Franciscans, Redemptorists, Maryknollers, to mention a few—have sent priests to Latin America as a tem-

porary measure, but their numbers are all too few. Missioners are probably the only class of people in the world who are working day and night in order to lose their jobs. Their major goal in foreign lands is to train a native clergy in sufficient numbers to replace them.

Actually, their aid will be needed for many generations to come. Before a native clergy can be trained, vocations must be found. Before vocations can be found, youth must receive a thorough Catholic education. Before youths can receive a thorough Catholic education, schools must be built. Before schools can be built, living standards must be raised. And raising living standards is an overwhelming task in itself.

Perhaps Maryknoll work in Bolivia presents the clearest example of the long and tedious process by which the seeds of vocations are planted. There Maryknollers have charge of the Pando vicariate, a partially unexplored jungle area in the northeastern section of the country. There, too, they staff par-

ishes which had been without resident priests for many years.

Conditions in Bolivia are representative of conditions throughout South America. To serve nearly 4 million Catholics, the country has an estimated 400 priests active in parish work, while the major seminary in La Paz has only 27 students enrolled!

"The most important problem here is to find vocations for the priesthood," said Archbishop Sergio Pignedoli, apostolic nuncio, after last year's meeting of the Bolivian hierarchy. In their official statement, the bishops of Bolivia also emphasized this point by saying, "The problem of vocations is the obligation of every Catholic and the work of every diocese. It is important that each diocese appoint a director whose sole work shall be that of vocations." A director has now been appointed.

Yet, this vast country of 520,000 square miles has just four parochial schools, three in the jungle regions and one in the highlands.

Great portions of the Bolivian lowlands, because of high disease and death rate, variety of wild animals, treacherous rivers, thick jungle growth, and the poverty of the people has been given the name Green Hell. One missionary calls it "a vast area that has been little affected by the various cultures and civilizations of men and the devastating hand of progress; a land that has been left in much the same

state as it was created by the hand of God."

Without roads or railroads, the region's development has been hampered by the difficulties of transportation. The navigable rivers, some of the 34 tributaries of the Amazon flowing through the area, serve as broad, winding, slow moving, green-and-yellow highways.

The majority of its people live an isolated existence in the jungles, earning a precarious livelihood from the rubber trees. At present, few parents can afford the luxury of sending their children even to grammar school. When Pando boys and girls are old enough for school, they are also old enough to tap the rubber trees and collect the latex.

To help these people, the Maryknollers double as farmers, engineers, contractors, and businessmen. They have hauled rubber, cleared forests, planted crops, studied modern agricultural methods, started cooperative farms, established small industries, and built airplane runways.

One priest, Father Gorden N. Fritz, organized all the rubber workers of his area into crews. With the help of a dozen ox carts and a new tractor, the first ever seen in the region, they worked together to haul all their crude rubber out of the jungle at one time. Besides cutting down the work involved this method produced a

larger supply of rubber which commanded a better price than individual quantities would.

Afterwards, Father Fritz wrote to me, "Hauling rubber seems a far cry from Baptisms and catechism classes, but it has a direct effect on the lives of the people. No rubber, no clothes. No clothes, no school. And with no school, there is little chance for religion. So to keep religion going, we have to keep the rubber rolling, too."

At Cavinás, the priests showed the Indian natives how to clear the jungle and use the wood to build new homes. They planted wheat, potatoes, and corn; organized the collection of Brazil nuts; built a small sawmill; and started the manufacture of furniture—all to raise their people's living standards. Then this year Father Ralph W. Silva supervised construction of an airfield to connect that remote jungle mission with the outside world, reducing to a few hours the four days required by boat to reach the nearest supply center.

Another missionary, Father James L. Logue, has established a cooperative store and some community buildings to launch an experimental program near Riberalta. The pioneer group of workers already has cleared land and planted crops of rice, sugar, corn, and bananas. If the soil proves productive, he plans eventually to construct an entire village, provide land for young married couples, and add crops of

chocolate, vanilla beans, and coffee.

One of the most ambitious projects is that planned by Father Felix J. McGowan, 29, who has been working in Bolivia only two years. He has drawn up plans for a boarding-school program to help the youth of the jungle escape from bondage to the rubber tree. His plan has five steps.

1. Obtain land for a centrally located rubber settlement.

2. Rent it to a competent administrator interested in the project.

3. With each year's rent build schools and boarding houses; starting with 60 pupils, double the enrollment annually to have nearly 1,000 students after five years.

4. Equip a trade school, establish an agricultural program, and start a rubber-plantation program.

5. Enlarge the settlement to the size of a model community, as an example of the possibilities that education opens up to people of the region.

"Actually, missionaries are not interested in rubber," Father McGowan told me, "except as it interests our people. We don't expect to find them practicing virtue on empty stomachs."

"Felix, the young jungle lad who accompanies me on most of my trips, is the symbol of what I am really interested in. He comes from a family of nine who live in a one-room bamboo hut. Having escaped the child death rate of about 55%, he has known nothing but work all

his young life. His only education has been the jungle and its ways; his only future is the cutting of rubber trees. At present, less than 10% of the jungle lads have any opportunity for real education.

"But in the youth lies the hope of change and progress. These youngsters must be taken out of the jungle to be educated and civilized. They must be taught loyalty to God and their country, health and hygiene, arts and crafts, to break their bond of slavery to the rubber tree."

In Bolivia, the typical parish of Cotoca covers about 1,000 square miles and has a scattered population of some 2,000 people. When two young men left Cotoca recently to enter the seminary they represented the first vocations for the priesthood in some 200 years. In the Santa Cruz region today, there are still 30 parishes that have no resident priest, and 15 parishes staffed by foreign clergy.

Maryknoll's local superior in the Bolivian highlands, Father Francis X. Lyons, summed up these conditions in this way. "It's difficult to obtain vocations from a 16th-century culture and a primitive civilization. In Bolivia, two or three large cities best represent the 20th century; the rural districts of the highlands, the 16th; and the jungle lowlands, the prehistoric era.

"Except in the cities, these three essentials for obtaining vocations are completely lacking: a solid

Catholic family life which has existed for at least two generations; Catholic schools to stimulate and preserve vocations during the early years; and adequate seminaries to develop and strengthen vocations."

Substitute the mountains of Peru or the rural areas of Chile for the jungles and highlands of Bolivia and the problems of raising standards of living, founding schools, strengthening family life, developing vocations, and eventually training a native clergy remain the same. Peru's diocese of Puno, with nearly a million people, has only 28 native priests to staff its 57 parishes. Chile, a country with but one priest for every 10,000 Catholics, does not now have enough seminarians to even replace priests whose work is ended by death or old age.

Yet, the combined effort of native and foreign clergy in recent years is showing visible effects. The Maryknoll Fathers were invited in 1943 to staff a preparatory seminary of the Puno diocese, Peru. Five years later they had to build a new, larger seminary. Estimates based on present enrollment promise that within eight years the seminary will be providing five new priests a year. This year Maryknoll is being asked to staff a major seminary in another section of the Peruvian highlands. But many more similar projects will be needed before missionaries in South America work themselves out of a job.

In the meantime, missionaries and native clergy work in cooperative action to intensify daily Christian living, so necessary for a strong Church. To offset the lack of clergy, efforts are being made to train lay leaders.

In the field of education considerable progress has been made in the last ten years. The Christian Brothers, the Holy Cross Fathers, the Marianists, the Notre Dame Sisters, the Immaculate Heart Sisters and the Dominican Sisters are just a few of the many communities from the U.S. now conducting excellent schools.

Father Vincent Cowan, a Maryknoll priest, has alone built and opened five parochial schools in his area of Chile in the last seven years. Since public-school systems are widely secular, and it is difficult to integrate Christian principles into education, Catholic schools are arising all over the continent so that spiritual values can be made a working part of life.

The over-all program to be followed in Latin America does not concern itself solely with schools and seminaries. There are other facets to be developed to round out Catholic life. A pro-Christian program demands the use of mass communications.

A strong periodical press must be developed in Latin America. Outside of a handful of publications (most of them published in Mexico) the Church in Latin America

is deprived of an effective voice. Newspapers and magazines are badly needed all over the continent. In this regard it is heartening to know that the editors of the *CATHOLIC DIGEST* are beginning a Spanish edition of that excellent magazine. The field has all too long been left to the secularists, most of whom not only do not appreciate Latin culture, but even fail to understand it.

Likewise, there must be systematic manufacture and distribution of effective Catholic books at popular prices. Several firms in Argentina are active in this respect, but they must be multiplied. A generation or two ago there was a distinct literacy problem, but now the nations of Latin America are waging a strong battle against illiteracy on all fronts.

Another outlet for mass communications is the radio. The Vincentian Fathers in Panama have built a station for local programs. If a good station could be placed in every Latin-American nation, the Church would be given an effective and powerful voice. One of the most powerful radio transmitters in Latin America is the Protestant station, the *Voice of the Andes*, in Quito, Ecuador. Certainly, this type of communication is too valuable to be ignored by Catholic groups.

One difficulty with radio is that there are millions too poor to own sets, and areas where the lack of

electricity makes their operation difficult. Yet, one priest in Colombia has found the solution. Through the mountainous area in his charge he has established centers where generators and radios are installed. The people of the region gather at these centers for broadcasts originating at the central parish. Instructions in religion, lessons in literacy, and agricultural information are some of the subjects treated on this local radio chain.

Finally, the Latin-American Christian-living program places great emphasis on Catholic social action and social welfare. Catholic social action is vigorous and vital in many parts of Latin America. Bishops and priests have seen its need and necessity.

Everywhere I go I find concrete evidence that the Latin-American clergy are supporting the plans laid down in the social encyclicals of the last three Popes. Under the direction of the Holy See, Monsignor Ligutti is organizing a rural-life conference for South America. Catholic labor groups and cooperatives have been formed in many regions.

In the field of social welfare, the Church's traditional emphasis on charity has given it a head start. Some problems do, however, re-

main, chiefly because of lack of means and a scarcity of personnel. Latin-American bishops are concerned that in many areas the only technical medical training for nurses can be found in Protestant hospitals, and steps are being taken to remedy this situation.

Various efforts are being made to combat juvenile delinquency, so common in the large cities, where poverty and crowded living conditions demand solution. On the outskirts of La Paz, Bolivia, Father Tapia has constructed a model boys' club. In Managua, Nicaragua, Father Garcia is working wonders in the local reformatory. In Talca, Chile, Father Manning's Institute of Leo XIII has given a home to boys who were homeless and once called "incorrigible."

Thus the Church in Latin America marches forward. On every new visit I make south of the Rio Grande, I see new development and progress. There is much yet to be done, and it will be many years before Latin America is turning out clergy in sufficient numbers so that every person can be assured of adequate spiritual care. But the Latin-American hierarchy is alert to the needs, and has already started plans to satisfy them. This is the most important part of the battle.

THE fancy questionnaire that a household-appliance company used to survey Iowa housewives brought equally fancy replies. To the question, "What make of garbage disposal unit do you use?" one woman wrote, "Four hogs." *Quote.*



Hilaire Belloc at 80

*Last of a triumvirate waits out his
days on his estate in England's
South Country*

Condensed from *Picture Post**

“IN PEACE, sons bury their fathers; in war, fathers bury their sons.” Hilaire Belloc, the historian, would know this quotation from Herodotus, Father of History. Belloc lost a son in the 1st World War. He lost another in Hitler's war.

He was 71 when the second loss came. He had a stroke and a long illness. His tough old body recovered, but his great mind and memory have never since come back quite clear of the shadows. He writes no more.

Belloc lives at King's Land in Sussex, an ancient, dark, oak-thewed house that stands solid on the twisting highway. When you get to Shipley, search the horizon for an old windmill, and you'll find King's Land in its lee. The English channel is within a morning's walk. Here Belloc, born a Frenchman, and his wife, from California, struck their roots in the Sussex weald in 1906. Mrs. Belloc died in 1914.

The windmill today is a land-

mark only. There is no electricity and no telephone. A telephone would be a nuisance. And the master of the house has long preferred to read by candlelight.

A young friend told him recently that Doctor Johnson's method of improving the light of a candle was to shake it. Belloc ever since has praised the great Doctor's science, and spattered his own dark clothes with candle grease.

His daughter, Mrs. Jebb, keeps house and acts as secretary and remembrancer. About once a fortnight she has a great ironing out of candle grease, a tidying up of the beard, and a straightening of books, papers and pictures. Upstairs, in the private chapel, candles are alight all the time.

A courtyard lies behind the kitchen quarters of King's Land. Here, surrounded by the flower garden that his wife planted, Belloc used to dine his friends in summer. His daughter remembers how, as a child in her bedroom above the courtyard, she would look down

* May 17, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Hulton Press, Ltd., 43-44 Shoe lane, London, E.C. 4, England.

and see the maids carrying in great trenchers of roast meats. And the best talkers of their generation, the host, F. E. Smith, the Chestertons, and Maurice Baring, would dispute and laugh the moon across the sky.

Some old lilies still bloom in the flowerbeds. But the courtyard has a deserted look. The past master of debate, the poet whom his Oxford contemporaries still remember as the greatest orator they ever heard, the man of teak who could walk his friends off their feet, sail them off platforms and drink them, if he wished, under his oak-en table—he is still game for a bottle of claret and a tilt in argument. He was “one of the swift, indifferent men”; but he does not walk beyond his own garden now.

The historic landmarks of his debate are sometimes jumbled and telescoped now. But the Catholic apologist of many books may still take you back to the Reformation. From the Reformation came to Europe “the denial of common moral authority over the states of Christendom, the affirmation of the sovereign state, the destruction of the cooperative social life, and the governing tyranny of wealth.”

The Belloc thesis always was that the Reformation, which put the holdings of the Church into the hands of the new plutocracy, was the end of “Merrie England,” where the majority of the citizens had a real property stake in the country. New wealth piled up in

unworthy hands again when England became industrialized in the 19th century

I Accuse. I accuse the new rich always; I accuse Big Business for controlling Parliament and making the state servile; I accuse the imperialists; I accuse the English universities for teaching anti-Catholic history. The faith is Europe and Europe is the faith. I accuse H. G. Wells for his *History of the World*, a work which sets natural selection against the divine creative will, and denies the Fall. I accuse the banks for subservience to Wall St. after the 1st World War, for letting Germany rearm, for abandoning France

But Belloc will wander from his well-remembered historical angers to present-day delights. He reads the newspapers and heaves with laughter at his friend Beachcomber. His bookshelves bulge with the works of P. G. Wodehouse, whom he once praised in print as the best living writer of English. Or he will remember Chesterton, his great friend and best pupil in history, and so get thinking and talking of the matters they thought out and talked out together. The “Ches-terbelloc” was a literary and journalistic team that rolled its huge bulk up onto the platforms during the first 35 years of the century, ready to answer the Any Questions of the day.

Belloc used to read enormously, but he was never tied to libraries.

He mostly left the original sources of historical fact to others to collate, though he could summon the original sources to his aid to whack an opponent who had slipped a date or twisted an inference. Himself, he would read the collations in great gusts of percipience, tearing out the heart of the matter from skimmed chapters, and putting it to his own ends.

Today Belloc can still quote chapter and verse, and he will go to a book on his shelves to show you where someone has summed the answer well. And if the name on the book he chooses is H. Belloc, the significance of this may escape him for the moment. If the argument and conclusion was well put and right, he remembers the good thinking and good writing, and forgets the writer. "Churchill: now there's a man who has not yet come into his full stature. But if England ever gets into deep trouble, Winston Churchill will be the man to turn to." Belloc said that three years ago, thinking back to the friend of his political days.

Belloc's oratory was not a thing of platforms only. It is the pulse beat of all his prose and most of his poetry. But his speaking filled halls and silenced great opponents.

Belloc has no Boswell. His *Life* will be written by someone more than a generation his junior. His 100 books are only a small part of the man. A larger part was in his friendships and his talk, and that

dies with the memory of friends. The political, literary and journalistic memoirs of the last 50 years have Belloc striding through their chapters, making the best talk of the century.

In his long, fine, disputatious life Belloc has been a man of great friendships (and some fierce enmities. H. G. Wells complained of his "partisan viciousness," and Chesterton once said sadly, "There is always such a *sundering* quality about Belloc's quarrels"). "A genius for friendship" was a phrase of currency in the Oxford of the 1890's, and has been much applied to Belloc. Shaw was 94 when Belloc had his 80th birthday, and he wrote a note regretting that he could not come to wish his young friend well.

Belloc made a great stir at Oxford. He arrived there, a grown man among the growing. He was two years older than his contemporaries. His father had been a French barrister. His mother was English; had been prominent in the early suffragist movement; translated, among other things, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* into French; and lived to be 96.

Hilaire Belloc was born in France during the Franco-Prussian war (his sister was Mrs. Belloc Lowndes). He was schooled in England, and was one of Cardinal Newman's last pupils at the Oratory. He traveled in America, drew pictures to pay for his meals when

money was short (his grandfather's paintings had been hung in the Louvre). He did a year's conscriptive service with a French regiment of artillery at Toul (he was not naturalized British until 1902). After the Lorraine maneuvers of 1891, his pay book (which you can see at King's Land today) was marked with the report "*Cannonier mediocre*." But he never regretted his year with the French guns, and he started his *Path to Rome* nostalgically at Toul many years later.

He went as a history scholar to Jowett's Balliol, where brains came first and birth and breeding a close second. Inside the college, Belloc moved more with the birth-and-breeding set, though there were good brains among them besides his own. Outside the college, he made for the Union Debating society, and his Gallic oratory was more than a match for the fabled skills of F. E. Smith, John Simon, Francis Hirst, and the other giants. Belloc was a man of clubs and dining societies.

He worked hard, for a man with so many other activities. He "seized" his subjects (*seize* in that semi-French sense is a favorite word of Belloc's), and wrote his way trenchantly through examinations. War was already a special study with him, and he had tramped over most of the historic battlefields of Europe.

His written oratory was not

thought quite top scholarship, not quite good enough for All Souls or a history fellowship at another college. But the men who won the lasting academic positions at Oxford that Belloc would have liked to win would have bartered their donships for a tithe of Belloc's panache.

Chesterton has described a dinner his friends gave to Belloc on his 60th birthday, and the presentation of a golden drinking goblet. Chesterton in his presentation speech said he was confident that Belloc's sonnets and strong verse would remain like the cups and carved epics of the Greeks. Belloc replied, "with a sad good humor, saying that he found that, by the age of 60, he did not care very much whether his verse remained or not. 'But I am told,' he added, with reviving emphasis, 'I am told that you begin to care again frightfully when you are 70. In which case I hope I shall die at 69.'"

He has already outlived that age by a dozen years and more, and he has said that, if any of his work lives, he hopes it will be his verse. Much that he has written in verse (apart from the *Cautionary* and other children's verse and that epic of satire, *The Modern Traveller*) is now collected in the single standard volume *Sonnets and Verse*.

You will find many stray pieces scattered through other books of his and the books of others. There are lovely fragments and occasional

pieces that have never been published at all, but are passed from hand to hand in cherished typescript. All will doubtless be published and widely known some day. Real people have inspired Belloc's poems of scorn. Real people and real places have inspired his poems of love. He has written in several styles and moods. His poetry is above fashion and does not grow old.

If you count his sheaves at harvest, you cannot but wish him to "spend perfected days in peace until the end." He has written history with style and imagination, a brilliant geographical sense and a power of strong narrative. He has seen war and religion turning the wheel of destiny, and human personality important in the shift of events. He has been parliamentarian, essayist, pamphleteer, novelist, journalist, poet, a man of laughter and always

an orator. He has made his mark.

There is no self-pity in the man. He will challenge you to amuse and be amused. His works cover 31 columns in the giant catalogues of the British Museum reading room. But he will tell you that he was a nib-driver, who only wrote for money, and that he sold some of his best copyrights for quick cash; and you will remember the poet in his *Four Men* saying that the best thing in the world is a mixture of "great wads of unexpected money, new landscapes, and the return of old loves." Once, when Belloc was asked why he wrote so much and on so many different topics, he said, "Because my children are howling for pearls and caviar."

There is a light tone of banter in much that he says. He dislikes being treated with bated breath. He wants no reverence, please. He was a fighter.



I think we can

AVOID WAR if:

We accept God's promise in Leviticus. "If you live by My law, if you remember My commands and obey them, rain shall fall on you when fall it should; the land will yield its increase, and the trees will be bowed with fruit, threshing not done with by vintage time, or vintage by seed

time; you shall have food to your hearts' content. Securely you shall hold your lands; sleep safe in your beds, with peace on all your frontiers. . . . I will make My dwelling among you, and never shall My love cast you off."

Tom Westbrook.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]

Doves, Wolves, and Man

We would do well, as members of the human race, to practice the inhibitions the Creator gave some of the animals

By KONRAD Z. LORENZ

Condensed from "King Solomon's Ring"*

Konrad Lorenz is one of the outstanding naturalists of our day. He has been referred to as the modern Fabre, but he works with birds and fishes rather than insects and spiders.

SOME TIME ago I decided to breed an African blond ring-dove with a turtledove. I put them together in a roomy cage. They fought at first but I did not think it serious. How could these symbols of love and virtue dream of harming one another? I left them in their cage and went away for the day.

When I returned, a horrible sight met my eyes. The turtledove lay on the floor of the cage; the top of his head and neck and the whole length of his back were plucked bare of feathers, flayed to a single wound dripping with blood. Over him stood the second harbinger of peace. Without my interference she would undoubtedly have finished him off.

Now let us turn to the symbol

of cruelty, the wolf. How do wolves deal with one another? At Whipsnade zoo, 34 miles from London, there is a whole pack of timber wolves living practically as they live in their wild state.

If you watch them, sooner or later you will see an old timber wolf and a younger one as opposing champions. They move in circles round each other. At the same time, the bared fangs flash in such a rapid exchange of snaps that the eye can scarcely follow them. The younger wolf is gradually forced backwards. The older one is purposely edging him towards the fence.

The young one strikes the wire netting, stumbles—the old one is upon him. And now the incredible happens, just the opposite of what you would expect. The furious whirling of the grey bodies comes to a sudden standstill. The older wolf has his muzzle close, very close against the neck of the younger, and the latter holds his head away, offering his unprotected neck, the most vulnerable part of

*Copyright, 1952, by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York City. Reprinted by permission.

202 pp. \$3.50.

his whole body, to his enemy! Less than an inch from the tensed neck muscles, where the jugular vein lies immediately beneath the skin, gleam the fangs of his antagonist!

The strained situation may continue, for minutes to the observer, but very probably for seeming hours to the losing wolf. You await with bated breath the moment when the winner's teeth will rip the jugular vein of the losing animal.

But your fears are groundless, for nothing will happen. In this situation, the victor will definitely not close on his less fortunate rival. You can see that he would like to, but he cannot! A wolf that offers its neck to its adversary in this way will never be bitten seriously. The victor growls and grumbles, snaps with his teeth in the empty air and even pretends to shake something to death. But as long as the defeated wolf shows humility the other will not harm him.

Social inhibitions of this kind are frequent among animals. A tame raven will no more think of pecking at your eye than he will at that of one of his own kind. Often when Roah, my tame raven, was sitting on my arm, I purposely put my face so near to his bill that my open eye came close to its wickedly curved point. Then Roah, with a nervous, worried movement, would withdraw his beak from my eye, just as a father who is shaving will hold back his razor blade from

the inquisitive fingers of his tiny daughter.

Why has the wolf an inhibition against biting his fellow's neck? Why has the raven an inhibition against pecking the eye of his friend? Why has the ringdove no such insurance against being murdered? The answer is simply that such inhibitions are necessary to all weapon-bearing animals. Should the raven peck, without compunction, at the eye of his nest mate, his wife or his young, in the same way as he pecks at any other moving and glittering object, there would soon be no more ravens in the world. Should the wolf kill his opponent every time there was a fight the whole species would soon be exterminated.

The ringdove does not require such an inhibition. It can inflict only minor injuries and its swiftness in flight protects it against enemies with better weapons. Only in a closed space can the ringdove injure its own kind. Many other "harmless" animals prove themselves just as unscrupulous when they are kept in narrow captivity.

One of the most disgusting, ruthless, and bloodthirsty murderers is the roebuck. The roe is the smallest of European deer, and is generally considered as being second only to the dove in gentleness. Actually, the roebuck is the most malevolent beast I know. In small enclosures, sooner or later he will drive his females and young into a corner and

gore them to death. The only "insurance against murder" which the roe deer possesses is the slowness of the buck's onslaught. He approaches cautiously, feeling with his antlers for those of his opponent. Only when the antlers are interlocked and the buck feels firm resistance does he thrust in deadly earnest.

W. T. Hornaday, former director of the New York zoo, says that tame roe deer yearly cause more serious accidents than captive lions and tigers. People do not recognize the slow approach of the buck as an earnest attack, even when the animal's antlers have come dangerously near. Suddenly there follows, thrust upon thrust, the amazingly strong stabbing movement. You will be lucky if you have time enough to get a good grip on the aggressor's antlers.

The beast is so small that most men are ashamed to call for help, until the point of an antler has pierced them! If a charming, tame roebuck comes playfully towards you, hit him, with your walking stick, a stone or bare fist, as hard as you can, on the side of his nose, before he can apply his antlers to your person.

Which is really a "good" animal, my friend Roah to whom I could trust my eyes, or the gentle ring-dove that in hours of hard work nearly succeeded in torturing its mate to death? Which is a "wicked" animal, the roebuck who will slit the bellies even of females and

young of his own kind if they are unable to escape him, or the wolf who cannot bite his hated enemy if the latter appeals to his mercy?

Turkeys also show this kind of mercy. If a turkey cock has had more than his share in a turkey wrestling match, he lies down on the ground. Whereupon the victor behaves exactly as a wolf in the same situation, that is to say, he evidently wants to peck and kick at his prostrated enemy, but simply cannot. He walks round his prostrate rival, making tentative passes at him, but leaves him untouched.

But a tragedy ensues if a turkey comes to blows with a peacock, which happens frequently in captivity. The turkey nearly always loses the match, for the peacock has a better fighting technique. While the turkey is stretching his muscles for the wrestling match, the peacock flies at him and strikes with his sharply pointed spurs. The turkey considers this unfair and, although still fresh, he throws in the sponge and lies down. And a ghastly thing happens: the peacock does not "understand" this submissive gesture of the turkey. It elicits no inhibition of his fighting drives. He pecks and kicks further at the helpless turkey, who, if nobody comes to his rescue, is doomed. It does not occur to him to run away.

The human appeal for mercy is much the same as the turkey's. In

Homer's tales the warrior seeking mercy discards helmet and shield, falls on his knees and inclines his head. This set of actions should make it easier for the enemy to kill him but, in reality, makes it harder.

We have other symbols of the submissive attitudes in our gestures of courtesy: bowing, removing the hat, and presenting arms in military ceremonial. But Homer's heroes were not as softhearted as the wolves of Whipsnade. Often the supplicant was slaughtered without compunction. The Norse heroic sagas tell of similar fatal failures of the submissive gesture.

It was not till the era of knight-errantry that it was no longer considered "sporting" to kill a man who begged for mercy. The Chris-

tian knight was the first warrior as chivalrous as the wolf.

There is only one being whose weapons do not grow on his body and who, therefore, has no corresponding inhibitions. That being is man. His weapons are increasing in monstrosity. In November, 1935, I concluded an article on *Morals and Weapons of Animals* which appeared in a Viennese journal, with the words, "The day will come when two warring factions will be faced with the possibility of each wiping the other out completely. The day may come when the whole of mankind is divided into two such opposing camps. Shall we then behave like doves or like wolves? The fate of mankind will be settled by the answer to this question." We may well be apprehensive.

Boogie-Beat Bogey-Man

COMMUNIST guardians of the public good have uncovered a new source of capitalist contagion: jazz. This decadent Western music form, according to the newspaper *Soviet Art*, must be banished from Soviet life. This "barbarous distortion of sounds" must be replaced by "healthy Soviet lyricism" expressing "the bright, optimistic temperament of the Soviet people."

In Shanghai, according to the communist newspaper *Ta Kung Pao*, night clubs will henceforth ban "degrading American jazz and swing music." Instead, "some 200 progressive songs have been selected and will be sung in restaurants, ballrooms, and cafes. During the pre-liberation days, Shanghai entertainers were under the influence of degrading Western music. Entertainers now understand that it is necessary to strengthen their studies and to strive for ideological remolding."

The New Leader (16 June '52).

Home, Home Is Our Range

*Somehow, I can't quite live
up to Hopalong*

By JOHN LARDNER

Condensed from

*"Strong Cigars and Lovely Women"**



THESE days, every self-respecting father is asking himself, "What has Hopalong Cassidy got that I haven't got?" It is quite a strain, this feeling that within your own home the personnel is constantly comparing you, to your disadvantage, with a cowpuncher with a white coiffure and a black shirt.

When the man Cassidy first came to stay at my place (from 6 to 7 P.M. Sunday, EST) I figured that my children would look with revulsion upon this browbeater of beef on the hoof. What happened, on the contrary, was that the pro-Cassidy faction soon began to dominate the lower house. Today it is all I can do to get someone to pass me the bread (or "chuck," as it is now called) at supper.

Analyzing the question, "What has Cassidy got that I haven't got?" I can find a few obvious answers. 1. A taste for sarsaparilla. 2. A horse. 3. A couple of guns. 4. No laundry bills, on account of the black shirt I mentioned above.

I could understand my youngest child's admiration of the shirt, since he has always struggled successfully toward the same effect himself, always managing to graduate from the white-collar class by 9:30 in the morning. But sarsaparilla is something else again. Or so I thought.

"Is that sarsaparilla you're drinking?" my son asked me the other evening. "Hopalong drinks sarsaparilla."

"Maybe it just looks that way," I said, giving Cassidy the benefit of the doubt. "On television, it's hard to—"

"He orders sarsaparilla in the saloon every time," said Hopalong's henchman, cutting me short.

A couple of days later the same insurgent asked me, "Did you ever kill a rustler?"

Smelling a Cassidy angle, I craftily answered, "Yes. I heard one rustling in the attic one time, and went up and put six slugs through his belly."

The reaction, to my surprise, was

*Copyright, 1951, by Funk & Wagnalls, New York City. Reprinted with permission. 127 pp. \$2.50.

cold. "Hoppy has never killed a man," said my son, with contempt (and not for Cassidy). "He always shoots for the right hand and knocks the gun out of it."

Angered by falling into this trap, I said sardonically, "The right hand is the drinking hand. If Cassidy goes around shooting their fingers off, how are they going to lift their sarsaparilla?"

"Rustlers don't drink sarsaparilla," came the reply. "They drink stuff in very small glasses, and they always do it in one gulp."

I was asked only one more question after that time. A herd of cattle was stampeding, over the wide plains of NBC-TV. To save the franchise, Cassidy planted dynamite across the line of charge. That is another thing Cassidy has that I haven't got—a handy supply of nitroglycerine with a kieselguhr base—and my family has taken unfavorable note of the fact.

"What's going to happen, daddy?" said my son, giving me a last chance.

"There'll be hamburger for sup-

per tonight," I answered sulkily.

That broke off relations. My children, being familiar with the NBC herd from previous stampedes (the white-faced steer, third from the left as they come to you, is their favorite) were well aware that the dynamite would go off before the cattle reached it, thus turning back the herd and sending Hopalong home to a hard-earned meal of chuck and soda pop.

From Cassidy these urchins have also acquired a keen sense of ethical values. The distinction between a "good man" and a "bad man," which gave St. Augustine and Plato pause, is as plain as day to Hopalong fans. A good man is one who rides on a white horse in pursuit of bad men on chestnuts and bays. Bad men are those who 1. steal cattle or 2. nap during television shows.

To date in our private fight, Cassidy has won every round. I am taking target practice, however, and some day I am going to shoot the sarsaparilla right out of his hand.

TV or Not TV

WHEN I appear on television, the audience rushes to the movies. When I'm in the movies, they rush out of the theaters and back home to television. I keep the American people in constant motion.

Fred Allen quoted in the *New York Times* (15 June '52).



COMMENTING on the possible sponsorship of his TV program, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen insists that a suitable backer might be Halo shampoo.

New York Daily News.

Don't Sell France Short

Despite the losses of the war and the high cost of living, the country still preserves its basic health and strength

By GEORGE W. HERALD

Condensed from *United Nations World**



WHILE France was undergoing her latest government crisis, I visited the Pentagon in Washington. Here are some of the surprising comments I heard.

"When Hitler defeated France in 1940, she had 100 divisions mobilized," one officer observed. "Today, she appears unable to raise 15 divisions on schedule. Is it safe to build the defense of Western Europe around such a country?"

"Last spring," another said, "France pledged ten divisions to NATO by the end of 1951: five in Germany and five on call within 72 hours. Yet a few weeks ago she still had nothing in Germany but the four divisions which have been stationed there all along. Now at last a fifth division has joined these forces. That's about all France could throw into battle if an emergency arose tomorrow."

Of the five divisions that were to be on call, only two have come into being, and these are not yet

in fighting shape. Because of this, at the Lisbon conference, France's goal for 1952 was reduced from 15 to 12 divisions but, as it looks now, she won't have more than 11 ready by December. This means she is roughly one year behind schedule, and this is the real reason why American military leaders are in such a hurry to get the German rearmament under way.

Some of them feel that the French have become "unreliable" partners. They would relegate the French to the back seat of the Allied armored car, with the Germans driving.

Just how warranted is this lack of confidence in France? Is her poor performance due to a lack of spirit or to factors beyond her control?

Knock on any French door and, unless you find a Red, you will hear a vehement denial that the French haven't the proper fighting spirit. "Two million Frenchmen

* 319 E. 44th St., New York City 17, May, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by UN World, Inc., 418 W. 25th St., New York City.

died in the 1st World War" they will say. "In the 2nd World War," they will add, "we lost more than 500,000 men. The war in Indo-China has cost us tens of thousands of men in the last five years. Is that the record of a nation of cowards?"

Young Frenchmen all receive 18 months of compulsory military training, and this period is likely to be increased to two years. According to Defense Minister René Plevin, communist infiltration among these men has been exaggerated. About 10% of the field officers remain Pinks or Reds, but the army puts them in positions where they can do no harm. (It is difficult to dismiss them outright, as most of them are veterans of General de Gaulle's forces.)

Since 1947, all new officers coming into direct contact with the troops have been carefully screened. The rank and file, of course, reflects the nation as a whole, so that about 20% of the recruits enter the service with radical left-wing ideas. But many of them drop their prejudices and become sincere patriots. According to the French army intelligence, conversion from communism among the troops has been especially high during the last ten months.

The threat of communist sabotage against Allied communication lines in case of war does exist. But the army and *gendarmérie* have devised a drastic defense system which can be put into instant operation.

They feel more confident that they can cope with the danger because Communist-party membership has dropped 30% in the last three years. The communists suffered a typical blow when the dockers of Cherbourg voted 256 to 21 for the unloading of Allied arms.

French military spokesmen also point out that theirs is the only NATO country which has designed an entire line of modern weapons. Among these are a bazooka effective at more than 300 yards, a 75mm recoilless gun for air-borne troops that weighs only 150 pounds, and a Brandt mortar which can shoot ten rounds of 28-pound projectiles a minute four and a half miles.

In the air, the FE 2410 Grogard jet fighter-bomber and the Ouragon MD 450 have attained sonic speed while the sensational new Mystere MD 452 is said to outclass even the Soviet MG 15. "Can a nation developing such a variety of original arms be discounted as a major power?" the French ask pointedly.

Only the new Panhard tank and the Mystere plane are being turned out in large numbers. There haven't been enough funds available for serial production of the other weapons. France has had to spend too much on the war in Indo-China. Last year alone, the Indo-Chinese war cost \$1.3 billion, more than a third of the total French budget and more than the entire American

aid for that period. The war has wiped out complete classes of experienced officers and noncoms, causing a severe shortage of instructors.

The French contend that their rearmament has been delayed not by lack of spirit or incompetence, but by their anti-communist stand in Asia. "We are hanging on only because our opponents are communists," a diplomat observed. "Our struggle is that of the whole Western world, and Americans ought to realize this, especially as we may be unable to hold out in the Far East without a much larger U.S. contribution."

Many U.S. legislators find it difficult to stomach the realities. "Well," they ask impatiently, "must we go on subsidizing them forever?"

France, however, has responded magnificently to the \$2 billion aid she received through the Marshall Plan. French industrial production soared to 30% above the 1938 level and coal production rose even above the previous peak year of 1929. Farm output increased by 6% over the prewar figure, making France not only self-sufficient but enabling her to export grain, milk, and meat to underprivileged Britain. The French used the ECA counterpart funds to restore their railway system, which had been 70% destroyed in the war, and to build numerous new schools, hospitals, and housing projects. Above all, they built giant dams and

thermal plants in the Rhone valley that have doubled France's electric power supply in four years.

France was well on her way to complete recovery in the spring of 1950. Then came Korea and changed the picture overnight. The U.S. started building up huge stores of vital raw materials, and prices skyrocketed on the world market. This overthrew all calculations in the French budget. Amounts earmarked for cotton, coal, and copper, for example, suddenly would buy 20% to 30% less. At the same time, bigger efforts were required in Indo-China, and a drastic cut in output of consumer and export goods followed. Inflation appeared as the logical consequence.

Frenchmen are old practitioners of the art of "*se débrouiller*" (muddling through) in any emergency. So they calmly proceeded to cope with this one, too. By some reports you would think they were all professional tax dodgers but, in 1950, the government collected 30% of the national income in taxes (against 26% in the U.S.). This helped a great deal, and so did the \$600 million ECA aid for 1950-51. But last June the switch from ECA to the Mutual Security program retarded the allotment of fresh dollar funds to France. During the second half of last year, France received practically no money from the U.S. France's dollar reserves dwindled rapidly, and when they reached an all-time low last Febru-

ary, the government had to borrow money from the Bank of France to meet its payroll. Under these circumstances, competent observers hesitate to pass quick judgments.

Decisive support for France will of course have to be in the form of military supplies. The Frenchman is courageous but not foolhardy. He appraises a situation realistically and sees no point in fighting against overwhelming odds. Nothing would cheer him up more than speedy delivery of the revolutionary American arms he has been

hearing so much about. Morale of French troops in Germany improved greatly when they recently received first shipments of up-to-date U.S. weapons.

There is no reason to despair of the French. They are neither decadent, senile nor washed out. No other people combine sturdier virtues with brighter intelligences. Today as yesterday, they remain the torchbearers of Western civilization on the continent, and if their friends don't sell them short their torch will never go out.



Democracy Without Democracy

I WAS in San Francisco when the delegates of 46 nations, joined later by another four, met there in April, 1945.

The first compromise was on God, for God went down to defeat. No prayer was heard at the inauguration. This point was discussed in lobbies and committees, but, apparently, no formula was found that would not irk some believers in the assortment of religions that jostled there.

For the believer, undoubtedly, a great force was abandoned on that threshold; he must think of the event as a prelude to the surrender of moral renewal in international affairs, a negative symbolism by which faith was given her notice of dismissal. Something too important was renounced at that unveiling, he no doubt thinks, and if a compromise could be achieved on the banishment of God, anything could then be compromised in an earthly organization destined to march on hard, earthly roads.

The United Nations has remained unblessed: no prayers open any of the meetings. The stark fact is that Christ, the Prince of Peace, was in the minority at San Francisco.

After having heard and read so much for years about the war having been fought to save the Christian, Western, democratic civilizations, it became difficult for many to realize that well over half of the peoples represented at San Francisco were neither Christian, nor democratic, nor Western.

From We of The Americas by Carlos Davila.

A Lifetime of Three Hours

My son took a short cut to God

By GENE SHERMAN

Condensed from the *Tidings**

OUR fourth child lived three hours. Some may say that he died three hours after his birth, and that is true. But I prefer to think that he lived three hours. We mourn him, but with a rejoicing that he lives with God forever and in his supreme innocence has attained heaven in a way lost to us.

We who live longer than three hours are called fortunate as we grow to grasp the fragile pleasures of life. We are granted the opportunity of material achievement, the transitory happiness of sensory satisfactions.

I wonder how much we accomplish with our gifts that he did not accomplish in three hours?

I looked at him through the transparent cover of the incubator. He was a tiny little doll of a guy who arrived a little too early. He lay there concerned, as all babies are, only with the immediate problem of living. And he made the big try. He lived three hours.

What would he have done with 63 years? Or 73? Or 83? What would he have done, if God had wished to give him time? How much closer to God would he have come?

Surely he would have brought some happiness to the world, but he did that in three hours. Surely he would have brought some sorrow to the world, but he did that, too, in three hours. Surely he would have been loved in the world, but he was loved in three hours and now forever.

Now he is with God; and think of the time he has saved. Think of the struggle and the buffeting and the groping he has saved. And no one can say he didn't make the big try.

Grownups are the fools, children the wise ones. When we told our son and daughter, each had only one concern. Was he baptized? Yes, he was baptized. Well, then, he's all right; back to the business of living.

But we adults get tangled up in the strange webs of our own making. I thought of this as I watched him in the incubator.

Here was divinity's spark sent us in the little guy battling for existence in a machine that man had fashioned to kindle that spark. Yet all the machines ever made would be unable to keep him alive more than three hours.

Why? Why had he to be born

at all if his life were to end so soon? There is only one answer. It was God's infallible will, and by that we must abide. This was no whim of fate. For somehow it pleased God to grant him three hours of life and that is all.

We who have lived longer profess indignation at this seeming injustice. We cannot understand why the little guy couldn't have lived many years and had a happy childhood and the blossoming of adolescence and of manhood.

We think it is grossly unfair that he was not granted the time to enjoy life. We feel resentful that we have been deprived, for no appar-

ent reason, of the laughter and love of a child.

Our authority for this attitude? The authority that the living feel they possess over the dead.

But as I watched the little guy making his effort there under the transparent cover I realized how false and senseless that authority is. How hollow and presumptuous. How meaningless. There is only one authority and it was personified there before me. He was our child only by that authority. He would remain ours only by that authority. And then God would call him.

God called him in three hours.

This struck me

The temptations and pitfalls of men in public office are not different now from those of the 4th century; we only need men of the brand of Christianity of that century to overcome them. In view of today's political scandals, it is wholesomely refreshing to me to read about the perils of Alypius, a friend of St. Augustine.*

AT ROME he was assessor to the count of the Italian Treasury. There was at that time a very powerful senator, to whose favors many stood indebted, whom many feared. He would needs, by his usual power, have a thing allowed him which by the laws was unallowed. Alypius resisted it. A bribe was promised; with all his heart he scorned it. Threats were held out; he trampled upon them. All wondered at so unwonted a spirit, which neither desired the friendship, nor feared the enmity of one so great and so mightily renowned for innumerable means of doing good or evil. And the very judge, whose councilor Alypius was, although also unwilling it should be, yet did not openly refuse, but put the matter off upon Alypius, alleging that he would not allow him to do it; for in truth had the judge done it, Alypius would have decided otherwise.

**The Confessions of St. Augustine.*

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

Sand-lot Angel

*A veteran of boy-style baseball has eliminated
one of its biggest problems*

By MARGOT DOSS

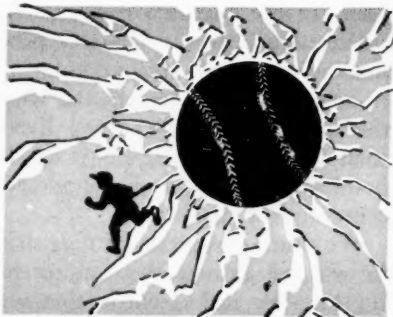
Condensed from the Baltimore
*Sunday Sun**

THIS story opens on a vacant lot—any vacant lot. A few boys are playing baseball. The pitcher sends in a fast one. The batter connects, and what should have been a beautiful homer goes soaring into space.

It isn't just the batter who runs. Anyone can see the ball is going to smash into a window of a house near by. Both teams take off like jets.

The story used to end with an irate householder collaring the slowest boy and calling the police. It has a new ending now. The man who wrote it is Frank C. Russell, of Chestertown, Md., a baseball enthusiast who admits to breaking his share of windows as a boy.

Mr. Russell will pay for the repair of windows accidentally broken by children playing sand-lot ball anywhere in the U.S. In his version of the story, only the batter runs, which, everyone agrees, is the way sand-lot ball should be played. When the homeowner comes out to complain about her broken win-



dow, the players walk over politely and give her a little card which says "National Sand-Lot Baseball-Football Window Repair Guarantee."

On one side, this card has the name and address of the boy who broke the window. On the other it has the following directions to the homeowner: "Please return ball to its youthful owner. For free replacement of window glass accidentally broken by child playing ball, place this card in an envelope with your name, address and date of accident and mail to [Here the name of a dealer in windows is inserted]."

The card then concludes with the slogan, "A Better Youth for a Better America."

About 35 persons from different

parts of the country have used Mr. Russell's guarantee to replace windows since he inaugurated it last November.

"I know homeowners will heed the second direction on the guarantee card," Mr. Russell says, "but I hope they will also pay some attention to the first one.

"Balls were hard to get when I was a boy, and I know they are hard for some boys to get today. One of the greatest thrills we had in my boyhood was starting a game with a new ball. We all used to mow lawns and deliver newspapers to earn money for one. When a ball disappeared through somebody's window, the ball's loss was as big a tragedy to us as the breakage."

The guarantee cards asking for return of the ball and promising free repair of the window are available to any boy. Mr. Russell has given out hundreds. Others can be had through police-boys' clubs and similar organizations. Jack Dunn, manager of the Baltimore Orioles, has a pocketful of them.

A man who seldom misses a game of his favorite team, the Cleveland Indians, Mr. Russell hopes the window guarantee "will ease the minds of boys and be an encouragement to some potential Luke Easters and Hank Greenbergs."

"When I was a boy in Toledo,

Ohio," he says, "we used to play ball on what was known as the Robin Hood lot. Joe E. Brown played with us there, and some boys who became big leaguers, too.

"Whenever we got a good ball player on the field, that lot seemed to diminish in size. It was there I broke one window with a foul ball, and a woman seemed determined to have me locked up for it. I promised myself then that when I grew up I'd do something about the broken-window hazard in sand lots."

"If more men in business and industry would take an interest in young people, it wouldn't be necessary for government to assume this responsibility," says Philip G. Wilmer, mayor of Chestertown, Md.

Reade Corr, superintendent of schools in Chestertown, says, "There are so many children in this country who don't have playgrounds that we simply have to expect windows to get broken. This gesture from Mr. Russell should lessen the emotional strain on our children."

Chief of Police Howard B. Hadaway looks at it differently. "This ought to make things easier on me and other police," he says. "It's natural for a kid to run if he breaks a window. Most parents get pretty mad when a boy comes home and says he's broken a window. It's no wonder the kids run. Now they won't have to."

BABY: an angel whose wings decrease as his legs increase.

Sterling Sparks (May '52).

Wanted:

Leader in the Orient

*To win Asia, the democracies must achieve
the same unity the communists already have*

By NOEL BARBER

Condensed from *Realities**

SOME soldiers of the 2nd World War rank with the great captains of history. They belong not just to their countrymen but to the world. Such are Eisenhower and MacArthur of the U.S., Montgomery of Great Britain, and from France, Marshal Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, who died in a Paris nursing home as the New Year came in.

In the period just before his death, de Lattre had turned back world communism's advance in Indo-China and obtained full American aid for the "forgotten war."

But the leaders of the West do not yet realize that he was fighting on only one front of a war that had three fronts: Korea, Indo-China, Malaya. The Americans believe Korea is "their war"; the French fight a lone battle in Indo-

China; the British are bogged down in Malaya. We have three separate wars fought by three separate commanders-in-chief. The politicians forget Clemenceau's famous phrase that war is too dangerous a business to be left to the generals.

The West has no over-all plan. The Russians have. First of all, by sheer brilliance of tactics, they are waging a war in which they have not a single soldier employed. That

is genius, but their genius goes even farther. Stalin has fostered the legend that all would be well in the Orient if only the white man would leave it to "its rightful owners." Not one Asiatic in a million—and this is no exaggeration, for I was there a bare few months ago—not one in a million knows that Russia is behind each so-called nationalistic movement. The peasants believe their



heroes are fighting for their liberation. And Stalin attacks with his usual benevolent smile.

The Kremlin's methods of waging war are diabolically simple. As they foster misery and hunger, they cry, "The way to raise the standard of living of the Asian people is to get rid of the white man." As the Russian satellite forces advance, they create the sort of turmoil on which communism thrives: revolt, hunger, unrest.

A stage further and peasants no longer grow rice; exports drop, and starvation follows. And all that any Chinese, Annamite or Malay need say is "Well, if only the white man would leave us in peace, we'd grow our rice again and all would be well."

The West must beat the Russians at their own game. I believe it can be done, providing the leadership is forceful enough and no time is lost.

First of all, the West must change its estimate of the danger spots of Asia. Many people imagine that the fate of Asia rests on Korea. Of course Korea is important, but it may well be that the hinge of fate in the Orient is Indo-China; for Korea is a sea-girt tongue of land which cannot spread the flow of communism any farther to the south.

Southeast Asia is the focal point. It has rich, fertile lands on which millions are starving, but given peace, could become the larder of

the Eastern world. Russia needs Southeast Asia for striking farther south, as a gigantic storehouse for feeding her satellites.

Russia already controls China, Manchuria, Mongolia. One satellite has been engaged in full-scale war in Korea; another holds a great army in defiance in the rice-fields of Indo-China. The sickly regime of Siam wobbles. Formosa, perhaps next on the list, is eyed greedily. If Indo-China were to fall, a new yellow peril would sweep across the borders of Siam into the jungles which supply rubber to the entire free world. From there on, it would be an easy step to India, Pakistan, and so into the Middle East.

Russia does not yet want a world war. She could start a war tomorrow if she wished. A worse danger is that the Chinese Reds, who are brash, cocky, overconfident and inexperienced, may start one because they have more to gain and less to lose than the rest of the world. The Chinese have been fighting on and off for a generation. They argue (perhaps correctly) that the much-vaunted atom bomb would have no serious effect on China's industry or morale; they believe (probably correctly) that China as a whole is unconquerable anyway.

Thus three peace-loving nations, the U.S., France, and Britain, fight desperate wars while Russia is ostensibly at peace. All four nations may be plunged into a world war by an inexperienced lackey, China,

which is now too big for its boots.

What to do about this? There must immediately be an over-all military plan for Southeast-Asian nations. Troops of all countries must be stationed where necessary, even though we copy the Russian technique of calling them "technical advisers."

On the political front the West should announce immediately plans for self-government in the various countries. And just as Russia uses hunger as a weapon of war, we must use plenty as a weapon of peace.

All this is urgent, and nobody realized it better than de Lattre.

He realized it from bitter, practical experience on the battlefield, for when he went to Indo-China he found the war all but lost.

The Viet-Nam people who were supposed to be his allies in it could not be bothered to fight it; the world could not be bothered to read about it. By an uninterrupted series of victories, speeches, official missions, he transformed it into a war that could be won. He made it a war that the Viet-Nam people accepted as their war. He made the free world recognize it as an essential part of its struggle against communism.

Now de Lattre is no more with us, but the spirit he infused into thousands of his men remains. As events grow more critical in Asia, so does the need for more and more cooperation. Hasn't the time arrived when the nations of the West need an over-all commander-in-chief in the Orient?

Kisses of Consequence

IN the wedding Mass of the Sarum rite, instituted by St. Osmund about the year 1075, the priest turned from the altar to the bridal couple in the midst of the Mass and imparted the marriage blessing. He then, having kissed the altar, gave the *Pax* or kiss of peace to the bridegroom and the bridegroom gave it to the bride. The kiss, instead of being associated only with romantic love, was a part of the holy ceremony of the sacrament of Matrimony.

The Liguorian (May '52).

IN certain parts of Ireland, the first kiss of a child on his First Communion morning is a great treasure. It is considered the right of the child's mother, and watch must be placed over the child lest a sentimental neighbor or an inconsequential relative waylay the child and filch the kiss.

From The Lion-Tamer and Other Stories by Bryan MacMahon.



When You Get the Hiccups

Take your choice of more than 200 remedies, none guaranteed

By JACK M. SWARTOUT

Condensed from *Today's Health**

FOR almost two years Theodore L. Syverston's hiccups persisted. He had spent nine months in hospitals, had consulted many doctors, but he was still hiccuping. Then a good Samaritan offered him advice.

"Bend over at the waist and drink some water from the wrong side of a glass," he recommended, "and your hiccups will go away."

Halfway through the second glass, Syverston stood upright and smiled. His hiccups were gone.

Before you chalk this up as a "sure cure," remember that hiccup remedies are legion. Some common hiccup remedies are: get somebody to sit on your stomach; pack your chest and neck with ice cubes; tickle your nose with a feather to induce sneezing (a remedy popular as far back as Plato's time); put your fingers into your ears and drink water; hang from a horizontal bar with both arms; try to make yourself vomit; breathe in and out of a paper bag.

Many of these folklore treatments sometimes work. The most consistently beneficial, probably, is re-breathing air exhaled into a paper bag. (Paper bag rebreathing can cause fainting; if you do it, guard against falling.) You take back exhaled carbon dioxide into your lungs. It stimulates the respiratory areas of the brain, which are involved in hiccups. Doctors apply the same principle when they place a mask over your face and have you breathe a mixture of carbon dioxide and oxygen.

Though the most bizarre hiccup cures may sometimes be effective, do not rely upon folklore remedies. If hiccups persist, see your doctor.

No one need feel timid about seeking medical advice. Hiccups can be dangerous. They can, in fact, result in death. Sometimes they are a symptom of disease, such as appendicitis, liver trouble, diabetes, ulcer or brain tumor. It is even believed that certain types of hiccups can be "contagious," and in-

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. May, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the American Medical Association.

deed there have been epidemics of hiccups that affected large numbers of people.

Doctors have more than 200 treatments. But unlike the "sure-cure" advocates, doctors seldom profess ability to accomplish immediate, startling results.

The reason for this is the variety of possible underlying causes. Though cases differ, all have one thing in common: the diaphragm is not working as it should. This sheet of muscle, separating the abdominal from the chest cavity, is one of the main respiratory organs.

Like any other muscle, your diaphragm twitches (contracts) whenever a nervous impulse reaches it. To make things harder, it has two motor nerves, the right and left phrenics, silvery strands about as thick as toothpicks. They come out of your spinal cord at the neck. There they pick up the respiratory impulses that have come down from your brain. They run down through the chest, one on each side of the heart, and branch out to all parts of the diaphragm.

Every time you inhale, your diaphragm executes a smooth, comfortable contraction. But anything that irritates your diaphragm can make it twitch; so can anything that irritates the part of your brain where the respiratory center lies. And the respiratory center re-

ceives messages from many parts of the body.

When you come to your physician with a case of hiccups, he has to consider whether the trouble is in your diaphragm itself, or in the neck region of your spinal cord, or in your medulla oblongata, or in other parts of your body that have nervous connections with the medulla. Your hiccups may require real detective work, and in rare instances, they may baffle your physician.

Whatever and wherever your particular trouble may be, it causes your diaphragm to contract and the contractions are so irregular that you never know exactly when to expect the next. This misbehavior of the diaphragm is accompanied by sudden inhaling and abrupt closures of your windpipe. The intruding breath, striking your closed windpipe, produces the "hic." You are like a gasoline engine out of timing, with the spark plugs firing when the wrong valves are closed. It's a real backfire.

Doctors usually try to go beyond this mechanism to get at the basic cause. If, for example, your disorder is caused by pressure against the diaphragm from an overloaded stomach (a rather common cause), the doctor cleans out the overextended stomach.

This usually produces



results, but hiccups sometimes continue after the cause has been removed. In 1928 a Pennsylvania physician reported such a case. The patient had developed hiccups after eating a heavy meal. The doctor washed out the man's stomach but the hiccups persisted.

The doctor then figured that the sudden closures of the windpipe were causing the diaphragm to contract: a sort of perpetual-motion system. He made his patient eat cracked ice. This helped some, but permanent relief came only from use of cocaine, which blocked the impulses along the nerves that kept the cycle going.

When simpler treatments fail to give relief and a patient's life is threatened, doctors begin to think of surgery. It is possible to paralyze the diaphragm by crushing or severing one or both of the phrenic nerves. In many cases only one side of the diaphragm is acting up. Surgeons can discover by fluoroscope which side is involved, and then, by making a small incision in the region of the collarbone, crush or cut the phrenic nerve that supplies this side.

Surgery is one of the surest methods of curing hiccups, but doctors will not use it on you except as a last resort. The nerve will eventually regenerate, but the paralyzed diaphragm impairs breathing and can cause other complications. Moreover, though the operation is simple, there have been deaths.

Five-Year Siege

JACK O'LEARY, 27, began his fifth year of hiccupping on Friday, June 13, with only faint hope that the once-a-second spasms can be cured. The former Glendale, Calif., grocery clerk now weighs only 77 pounds. He has tried every suggested remedy with no success, but, his mother said, a physician in Grants Pass, Ore., has given him a ray of new hope. O'Leary polishes cars to earn money to make the trips to the doctor.

UP dispatch (13 June 1952).

One of the most widely publicized cases requiring phrenic nerve operation was that of Anna Mayer of New York. Twice in her lifetime she has appealed to the President of the U. S. to help her.

Anna's hiccups became news in February, 1944, when she had had them for more than six weeks. Her doctor was in the army. Through the army surgeon general, President Roosevelt got the officer to New York for the operation, on the left phrenic nerve.

Anna had another severe attack of hiccups in 1946. Again, simple remedies failed to work. In three months she lost 25 pounds. Again, through Cardinal Spellman and President Truman, she called her doctor from the army. Five minutes after he operated her hiccups were gone.

Figl of Austria

An Austrian peasant's son administers the heritage of Emperors

By KEES VAN HOEK

Condensed from The London *Tablet**

A SLENDER middle-aged man, in black Eden hat and dark overcoat, lightly descended some steps in Vienna and strode on briskly down the street. But you would not have noticed him, except for the hefty, leather-coated detectives following him. He was the chancellor of Austria.

Dr. Leopold Figl has his office on the Ballhausplatz. In the evening he goes to his flat in Jordaan St., to eat with his family. He could easily afford a much more luxurious apartment. But he argues, "One day I'll cease to be chancellor, but I'll still be the Engineer Figl and I will not have to make any change then in my mode of living."

It is an outlook typical of the man born on a small farm in Lower Austria, a *Hof* which has been in the family for 200 years. When his

father, Josef, was killed in the 1st World War, his mother, Josefa, took over the farm and kept the family of ten children together.

Seventy-six now, she still lives there, and when Leopold comes home, as he frequently does, the fact that he is prime minister does not make the slightest difference in the family circle.

From village school and grammar school young Leopold came to Vienna in 1922 to study at the Agricultural university. A small, freckled and

red-haired peasant boy, he promptly joined the Catholic Students' *Verbindung* Norica. By their club you could judge students at that time. The *Corps* was that of the aristocracy; the *Burschenschaft* that of the Pan-Germanists; only a *Verbindung* rejected the barbarous custom of face-disfiguring duels.



*May 3, 1952. Copyright 1952 by The Tablet Publishing Co., Ltd., 128 Sloane St., S. W. 1, London, England.

The country boy was nicknamed Foxy Figl only for his red hair, for there is no cunning in his straightforward character. For all his shyness, he was soon recognized as a coming man.

Hardly had he obtained his degree as an agricultural engineer, when he was appointed secretary of the Peasants' union in his native province. In 1934 he succeeded the murdered Chancellor Dollfuss as director of the Central committee. Some years before, he had married the jolly, round daughter of a Catholic Workers' party deputy. Their married happiness (they have two children) has been exemplary.

On March 11, 1938, Schuschnigg was forced to resign; the next morning Figl was arrested. Figl spent five years in the notorious Dachau concentration camp; the journey from Vienna to Munich was a foretaste of hell. Five long years he wore the blue-and-gray zebra garb, forced to work at three times the normal speed of an ordinary manual laborer. Demolishing a wall of concrete blocks with bare hands turned his fingers to bloody stumps before the first day was over. He was whipped with steel-threaded oxhide lashes. He was one of the 3,000 who once had to stand for 54 hours at attention in the open air, until the last of six escaped prisoners had been retrieved. Three hundred men succumbed. Only his native toughness, and his faith and his will, helped him survive.

In the later stages of his imprisonment he was a draughtsman, and when he was finally freed, in 1943, he took a job with a builder. Once more he was arrested, after the 1944 attempt on Hitler's life. In the spring of 1945 a Russian patrol came for him. His family already feared Siberia, but, when he was brought before the Russian commander, that Moscovite said gruffly, "You are to be the president!"

After the first general election, in the fall of 1945, he was elected chancellor of the new republic. Four years later, the next general election confirmed his coalition government of Catholics and Socialists with a combined 85% of the total poll.

For six long years now Leopold Figl has worked beneath the sumptuous crystal chandeliers in the gold-and-cream baroque splendor of the palace where Prince Metternich convened the Congress of Vienna in 1814 to redraw the map of Europe after the Napoleonic era. And above his seat, at the center of the cabinet council table, hangs the famous Winterhalter portrait of the young Francis Joseph II. The peasant son administers the dwindled heritage of emperors!

Figl is a poor speaker, but his speeches have improved with experience. His greatest appeal is his honest democracy. Reporting to his constituents, he began, "You have elected Figl, and now it is his

bounden duty to return to you, so that you can tell him what he has done wrong." One day, attempting a political prognosis, he put it into the form of a weather forecast. "For the time being cloudy, with a possibility that it may clear up, but if it doesn't and the gale breaks, we won't worry anyway, because we have acquired a thick skin in these recent years." It was a summing up worthy of the last emperor's typically Viennese remark, "The situation is catastrophic, but not without hope."

At 48, Figl's foxy hair has turned

to light brown, is graying at the temples and is thinning on top, but his thick moustache is still belligerently red. His squarish frame has grown somewhat stouter.

The only drawback to his high position (so some seem to think) is that he is far too pronounced a son of the soil, with nothing in his roughly molded features to remind you of the princely profile of a Metternich.

Some fashionable audiences occasionally titter audibly when he appears in the newsreel. But the people like him.



We rented a cottage at Lake Chargoggagogmanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug at Webster, Mass. I never said the name right, which annoyed my Indian landlady, whose ancestors named it.

We brought a radio with us so that we could listen to the evening Family Rosary broadcast. The landlady was provoked at our devotion to this program. One evening I asked, "Why don't you learn to say the Rosary with us, Ma?" Hot Indian temper filled her charcoal eyes. "I'll learn to say your Rosary when you learn to say my lake correctly."

The next day I borrowed a library book which gave an account of the lake's history. A few afternoons later, when Ma Wilson came over to borrow ice cubes, I surprised her with my knowledge of Lake Chargoggagogmanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug, and was even able to tell her the name meant "You fish on your side, I fish on my side, and nobody will fish in the middle."

"A bargain's a bargain," she said. "Get me one of those Catholic rosaries."

At the end of the season, Ma told us one evening, "You know, children, I'm going to miss you when you move back to the city, but next summer we'll have a better time. I hope to be a full-blooded Catholic by then."

Henry S. Banach.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]



Crossbow Tournament

Bowmen continue 800-year-old rivalry



A lady of the Gubbio aristocracy, aided by a consul (at left) and a nobleman, helps draw up the order of firing for the competing arbalesters. In the background is the centuries-old Palace of the Consuls, scene of the contest.

THE ARBALEST, 12th-century equivalent of the bazooka, is still in use today in the quiet little town of Gubbio, Italy.

The Gubbians, however, no longer use the arbalist, a cumbersome form of crossbow, to impale attacking archers at the town walls.

Human targets have seldom been fired upon since the 12th century, when the local athletic club decided to promote the use of this weapon without going to war.

The club, which has tournament



records dating back to 1537, observes its original contest regulations. Each year it sponsors a colorful arbalest tourney in which bowmen from Gubbio take on a

team from near-by San Sepulcro.

During the annual tournament the arrows fly in a setting replete with the pomp and circumstance of the days when this powerful weap-

Contestants wearing colorful 12th-century costumes sit on wooden chairs designed especially for comfort while firing the arbalest. Trumpeters signal whenever the visiting team scores points.





It takes a strong, steady arm to shoot the arbalest. The rod mechanism under the shaft is the trigger, which pulls down metal knobs that hold the bowstring taut. The iron ring at the fore end of the shaft fits onto a stationary post, while the other end goes on the bowman's shoulder. An assistant cranks back the bowstring and puts the dart in firing position.



Anna Maria Ferrandu, 22 years old, is the only Italian woman arbalester, and the winner of the competition as well. She walked off with individual honors and the title of Chief Arbalester. Here she sights along the wooden shaft while an official puts the dart in place.

on was as essential to power politics as the bazooka is today.

Competing arbalesters and town notables turn out in regalia of that era, and gather in the courtyard of the ancient palace, where a fanfare from medieval trumpets signals the opening of the event.

On cue, each archer takes his position astride a shooting bench and loads his weapon with a 10-

inch wooden arrow. The target includes a bull's-eye 18 inches in diameter mounted on a wall some 100 feet from the archers.

The arbalest itself consists of a steel bow fitted to a long wooden shaft. A special mechanism draws back the heavy bowstring. Then the bowman slips an arrow into place and fires it by releasing a trigger device.



After a round of shooting, the archers examine the target. Most of the darts hit the bull's-eye.

First Lady of Poverty

*When she heard St. Francis, she cast away
her riches*

By FELIX TIMMERMANS

Condensed from

*"The Perfect Joy of St. Francis"**



This is the story of the founding by St. Francis of Assisi and St. Clare of the Order of Poor Clares, the 2nd Order of St. Francis. The new Order, founded in 1212, grew rapidly, and spread to France and other parts of Europe. Today the two branches, the Franciscan Poor Clares and the Poor Clare-Colettines, have about 400 communities in the U.S. alone. The remains of St. Clare are kept in a chapel in Assisi, which is visited by thousands of pilgrims every year.

FRANCIS at one time had had to run after the peasants, even when they were working in the fields, but now they left their plows to come and hear him.

Wherever he preached, the churches were packed. His words and his appearance were enkindling faith and love. Those who heard him began to long for simplicity and kindness. They began to repent, to forgive one another, and to become reconciled.

Among the many who eagerly

sought his words was a lovely blond girl named Clara Sciffi who had given him raisins and cake when he first went begging. He noticed how intently she listened, and how at times a glow of emotion suffused her pale aristocratic features. And stirred by the heavenly beauty that animated her, he directed his words toward her like light from a lantern.

"She's an angel," he thought, "an angel among human beings." And he said to Masseo, his follower, "There is an angel living in Assisi. Let's pray that this beautiful soul may not be devoured by the world."

The half-moon was shining right above Francis' hut. One of the Brothers saw it as he was going to call Francis. For the Brother, it was a good omen and a blessing, something like the Star of Bethlehem. When he saw that Francis was kneeling, he kneeled too, and then he said, "Father, I've come to tell you that it is six o'clock."

*Reprinted from *The Perfect Joy of St. Francis*, an English translation of De Harp Van Sint Franciscus by Felix Timmermans. Copyright, 1951-2, by L. A. Aspelagh. Farrar Strauss and Young, Inc., Publishers. 41

Francis did not answer. He raised his arms and crossed them on his chest, as if he were taking something out of the air and hiding it in his heart. The Brother did likewise. Francis then stood up and greeted him, and the Brother returned his greeting in exactly the same way.

Going through the little gate, Francis walked into the woods until he came to a spot where a small spring bubbled out of the ground. There he stopped. In the dim light the only sound was the chattering of the brook.

Spring was in the air. Francis looked around, but he saw no one. He had become very thin from his fasting and penances. His features showed that he had been sharing the sufferings of Christ in His fast. But, now and then a flash of joy flickered in his eyes.

He bent down and took up some water in his cupped hands, and he said to the water, "Clear Sister Water, chaste and innocent creature, how beautiful and how good God has made you, for the welfare of men, for their holy Baptism and for their thirst. O Lord, keep the young Lady Clare thus in all her clarity of soul, for the welfare of mankind!"

In his mind he saw the young Lady Clare as he had so often seen her in church, or when he was begging or singing or preaching on the market place, but especially as he had seen her during the sermons

that he was giving in St. Rufino's church this Lent. He had almost been preaching for her alone. He had silently called to her with his whole soul to give herself to God. And he had seen in her flashing eyes that she understood and was detaching herself from the world.

She was an angel! How often he had wished to talk with her! But out of chastity he had mastered this longing. Then this noon, as he was coming from a visit to a sick person, her aunt had spoken to him and asked him whether Lady Clare might have a talk with him without her family knowing about it. And he had chosen this spring for the meeting.

The water had run out of his hands. "Sister Water! Brother Tree!" he exclaimed. "Rejoice with me! An angel is coming!" As he let the drops roll off his fingers, he heard some twigs crack, and he quickly wiped his wet hands on his habit. There she was, with her aunt.

The aunt stopped, and Clare came forward alone. She was wearing a long cloak over a green silk dress. Francis took a step toward her, and said respectfully, "God's peace be with you."

There she stood, like a dream of youth and beauty. She was a slight girl of 18. And with her pale face, her big blue eyes, her straight nose, small red mouth, and light golden hair, she seemed like a spring morning in human form.

As they looked at each other, they were so moved that the world around them vanished like mist. They saw God in each other, God who had brought them together as someone joins his hands in prayer.

"Sister," he said, motioning her to come nearer.

She was honored. He whom she admired so much had called her Sister. She took his outstretched moist hand, and sighed, "Brother."

Hand in hand they stood silently by the spring. They had had so much to say to each other, but now that they were together, they were too filled with joy to think of it.

"I would like to share your life of poverty for the love of Jesus," she whispered.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed with calm and holy rejoicing. "God be praised for the first Sister of Poverty!"

"Bless me, Brother," she asked.

She bowed her head and kneeled. With her hands crossed on her breast, she awaited his blessing. But he too was kneeling before her. Then with a hand that trembled, he slowly made a great sign of the cross over her. Raising her up, he said, "Come back tomorrow, Sister."

"I will come, Brother," she replied, and walked silently away over the thick moss.

He stood there watching her go, and when he was again alone in the forest, he covered his face with his hands.

The secret meetings of Clare and Francis were known to no one but the Brothers and her aunt, who always accompanied her. Each time Francis and Clare spoke about the same things in different words. The theme of their conversations was Jesus, heaven, poverty. He listened to her, and she listened to him.

He told her about his life, and she told him that ever since her childhood she had been waiting for a miracle that would transform her ordinary life into a burning flame and light. And now this miracle had been wrought by him, by his poverty and his preaching. They decided that she would become a Sister of the Order on the night of Palm Sunday.

But the sinister figure of her father loomed over their mystic joy like a shadow, for he was capable of murdering all the Minor Brothers if they took his daughter away from him.

Francis worried greatly about this, but he would not give Clare up for a thousand fathers. Frail little Francis' only weapon was prayer.

One evening he called the Brothers together, and explained the situation to them. "Brothers, help me now with your prayers!" he said. "Next week Jesus will begin His Passion. Let us make His suffering a bit lighter by placing our first Sister on His Heart like balsam. And now let us thank God in advance!"

He fell on his knees, and the others knelt too. The moon broke through the clouds and shed its light among the trees and over the men kneeling on the ground. But one of them had remained standing. He went into his hut, saying aloud, "No—no women here," and he shut the door.

The whole world seemed to Clare as if it were absorbed into eternity. Still clad in her white silk dress, she was kneeling in her dark room. She was not praying. She could do nothing but yearn and listen. She listened to the night outside, but there was not a sound to be heard. Then she tiptoed to the small window. She had never before seen so many stars. "God!" she murmured, and in an ecstasy of happiness, filled with a joyful longing for God, she looked up and beyond the stars.

After a long interval, the half-moon rose above the valley. She tried to make out the woods in the soft darkness, but she could see nothing. Then a tiny light began to move way down there. It was in the forest! Her heart began to beat violently. She listened; something was tapping very lightly on the door. She felt the draft as the door opened. Making her way toward it, she clasped the outstretched hand of her aunt, who was trying to find her in the dark. Her aunt's hand was trembling.

They went down the stone stairs and reached the garden, where the

aunt put a cloak around Clare's shoulders and led her far across the lawn to a little gate that had not been used for years. In the dim starlight, some wood and mossy stones and a broken statue could be seen lying among the weeds and ivy. Carefully yet hurriedly the aunt cleared a way for them.

"If only the gate opens!" whispered Clare. "Otherwise I'll climb over the wall!" She felt a sudden surge of anxiety, as though everyone in her home and in Assisi were coming after her to hold her back.

"Don't worry," said the aunt proudly. "It was unbolted yesterday." She pushed some more stones away with her foot, and then with one quick effort pulled the gate open. The valley lay at their feet in the weak moonlight. "Come!" said the aunt.

They went down a narrow path strewn with large rocks until they reached the level ground and followed a small stream. Then a light appeared in the distance, and another, and another, until there were about ten.

"The Brothers!" exclaimed Clare.

As they came nearer, she recognized the little man in their midst. Francis! She stopped and bowed her head. "God be praised that you have come," he said in his melodious voice, and in silence, surrounded by the Brothers with their torches, they went through the woods together to the Portiuncula, the little stone church St. Francis had built.

They knelt before the altar, and with intense emotion gazed up at the dark image of the Madonna. Then Francis stood in front of her, with a habit on his arm. Some of the Brothers were standing around her, holding torches, while others were outside, because the little chapel was too small to hold them all. And in the sacred silence Francis said, "Sister, here is the heavenly garment of Poverty."

"Thank you," said Clare.

Her aunt helped her to take off her jewels and her white silk gown. Then Francis handed her the habit, a coarse brown dress with patches here and there, and a thick cord to go around the waist.

"Your shoes, Sister," he said.

She took off her red silk slippers and her white stockings, and put her white feet into wooden sandals.

"And—" He did not utter the word. But the Brother gave him the shears.

She looked at him with keen joy, because he was about to take so much from her. For the more hair he cut off, the greater would be her merit. She shook her hair

loose, and it fell down over her shoulders and her back like a cloak of gold. Then she leaned forward.

His long, thin, sunburned hand grasped her beautiful blond hair. He opened the shears, and made three or four quick cuts. As he released his grasp, the hair fell to the ground in disorder beside her silk gown, her silver belt, her jewels, and her slippers, which lay there like a mass of faded flowers.

Then he gave her his blessing. "Sister," he said, "now you are the bride of the King of Light!"

She looked at him gratefully, with tears rolling down her cheeks, and the Brothers began to sing, "With palm branches the children of Israel went forth to meet Him." Their voices echoed through the forest.

"Come, Sister," said Francis, and they went through the chanting friars into the moonlit woods, accompanied by two Brothers with torches. They went to hide their precious treasure from the anger of her father. They hid her in the Convent of St. Paul, which was located in the marshes.

Ah, Romance

IN Hungary, newlyweds were taking an average of two days off their jobs for honeymoons. This "old bourgeois" romanticism cost the communist regime 400,000 workdays last year. So, Budapest ordered the marriage celebration speeded up. Hereafter, a bride and bridegroom would be back on their factory assembly lines half an hour after their wedding.

Fuggetlen Magyarorszag quoted in *Newsweek* (9 June '52).

The Ancient Olympics

The Greek games were practical, religious, and social, and the Greeks didn't bother with statistics

By RICHARD M. HAYWOOD

THE ancient Olympic games, though the model for modern Olympics, were unlike anything in modern life. The first celebration was in 776 B.C., and the games continued through all antiquity. They were like a Grand Army encampment, a state fair, a national convention, and, in another way, like a Eucharistic Congress.

The games came toward the end of the summer, when the grain was in and there was a lull in farm work before the grape and olive harvests. The Greeks of Asia Minor and the Aegean islands came by boat—not passenger boats, for there were none—but little trading and fishing boats.

The men of Greece proper came on foot or mule back. Doubtless the tough military men of Sparta walked the 80-odd miles, and the average man of Athens, Corinth or Thebes would think nothing of footing it over the hills with a sack



of goat's milk cheese and raisins.

"The Americans" were there, too, for Greece had its new world in the West, just as Europe does now. Thousands of Greeks had gone to Sicily and Italy to escape overpopulation pressure and to make an easier living than they could wring

from the rocky Greek hillsides.

So they gathered, perhaps 50,000, perhaps 100,000 strong. It was a men's gathering, for married women were strictly barred. The local unmarried girls could look on; the girl priestess of one of the local temples even had a seat of honor. Otherwise, only men were present.

These were the men who fought the endless battles of Greek interstate wars; also the men who achieved the great Greek triumphs in thought, literature, and art. The great games brought out everyone, not merely the sporting element. A sacred truce prevailed. Thus there

was no need to worry about towns and cities left undefended, nor about being attacked on the way to or from the games.

Wealth, nobility, ancient family made no difference at those games. The best man won the olive crown. Fair play was the order of the day; cheating was so rigorously punished that we still know the names of the few men in the 1200 years of the games who failed to play fair. One of the Greek philosophers, speaking of a moral question, says, "A man would no more do a thing like that than he would give another man the elbow on a turn in the Olympics."

This love of a rigorous and fair contest between men was one of the things that set the Greeks off from the rest of the world. We are told that the Greeks used to call other people *barbaroi*, which we translate as *barbarians*. *Outsiders* would be a better translation. Those outsiders, other people, were simply people who had different views.

The Persians could not have taken part. The Persian nobleman was taught to ride, shoot with the bow, and speak the truth. He was a real man, a lion in the fight and a good administrator. But he simply would not have dreamed of wrestling, boxing or running foot races. His sense of dignity was so great that he would not have exposed himself in such a scramble, nor would he have relished being beaten. The common man in Persia

knew better than to do anything that would set him up as a hero.

The Egyptians would have been out of place, too. There, also, the common man dared not do anything that would call attention to himself. The Elean managers of the games once did send an embassy to Egypt out of respect for its ancient culture. The Egyptian nobles asked if the local men from Elis would compete.

They were told that local men always competed. Thereupon the Egyptians gave the matter up. Obviously, they remarked, the Eleans who acted as officials could not be expected to give the other athletes a fair break. The Greeks did not linger to try to explain the notion of general fair play to the Egyptians.

In the West, the gloomy Carthaginians could not grasp the idea of manly, democratic contests. In North Italy, the Etruscans and Romans were given to gladiatorial contests which were no sport unless a few baskets of entrails were raked up from the playing field. The very word *arena*, which means *sand* in Latin, betrays their idea of sport, for a surface of sand would soak up blood.

All around the ancient world were other less civilized peoples, real barbarians in the modern sense. Their idea of a contest was to brain each other with heavy drinking mugs or to ride other men down with horses. No wonder that the Greeks, with their usual common

sense and realism, referred to other people as "outsiders" and kept the great games for Greeks only.

This was an important part of the meaning of the Olympic games in antiquity. It is an important part of the meaning of the Olympic games in our time. Now, as well as then, the games are for men who have the democratic ideal of fair contests between men. Since the reinstitution of the games in 1896 the number of countries able and willing to participate on that basis has steadily increased.

This increase is in a way an index of the spread of what we think of as the western way of life. In this way of life the common man has the leisure, strength, and right to engage in manly sports. If certain countries are somewhat timidly allowing their athletes to meet those of other countries at the Olympics, we should rejoice that the idea is spreading rather than smile at their timidity.

The list of former events is rather slight when compared to the great variety of the modern Olympics. Even when compared to today's track and field meets the

A Greek With Greek Fire

SO INTENSE was the sense of honor with the ancient Greeks that when one among them outraged it he made his name immortal. Erosthosthenes, who lived more than 1500 years ago, set fire to the Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

The temple, at Ephesus, was built by the Ionian cities as a shrine. For 370 years it attracted visitors from all over the civilized world. Then along came this firebug, in 365 A.D.

He promptly admitted the deed, explaining that he wanted his name to become known.

Horried authorities passed a law forbidding anyone to mention Erosthosthenes' name on pain of death. The law, of course, backfired. It was so unusual that to this day every now and then somebody writes the whole thing up. Erosthosthenes got his wish!

Harold Helfer.

events seem rather few for four days. The reason is that this was a meeting of people as well as of athletes. These were people who felt a certain kinship with one another, who all worshiped Zeus, the great god whose chief home on earth was at Olympia. But they were not in constant touch with one another, as we are nowadays.

Men came not only for worship and to see the athletes, but to renew old friendships and hear news, and even to conclude treaties and

submit political disputes to arbitration. More than this, they could expect to see famous people or hear the new works of poets and literary men, or be entertained by jugglers, magicians, pitchmen. Merchants offered their wares; men with new political theories promulgated them.

The place itself was well worth the trip, for it was one of the most beautiful spots in the country, a plain by a river with green fields and pine groves, and in the background the hills. As ages passed, the best artists and architects gave their best to decorate Olympia. It became such a collection of the finest of ancient art and building that probably no spot on earth today could equal it in that respect.

All the athletes spent a month at Elis, the near-by town which traditionally managed the games. The day before the opening they and the officials paraded to Olympia, which was not a regular town, but what we might call an Olympic village. There the athletes lived in quarters provided for them. Spectators simply camped out, some few in tents or pavilions, but most of them curled up each night in a blanket under the pines.

The great event of the first day was the taking of the Olympic oath, as it is today. The contestants gathered before the altar of Zeus, backed by their fathers, brothers, and trainers, and swore to contest fairly. Then they swore that they had trained faithfully for ten

months; thus no one not in condition could spoil any contest by failing disgracefully.

On the morning of the second day there was a great procession of the athletes. The heralds introduced each man by name, father's name, and city. At this point any athlete could be charged with past misconduct. Rarely did any man whose honor was at all blemished present himself.

At last the meeting was ready to start. The first event was the four-horse chariot race. Participants would obviously be men of wealth or even kings of Sicilian communities. It was a long race, nearly nine miles, marked by frequent spills on the sharp turns. At the end of the race, the winner would come to the judges, who sat by a famous gold and ivory table. As the herald called his name, father, and city, the chief judge placed upon his forehead a simple wreath of local olive sprays.

After this came a three-furlong race for horses. Then, as now, horses were all right for kings and rich men. But the real interest of the crowd was in the athletic contests. The afternoon of this day was given over to the biggest one, the pentathlon. The five events were the dash, broad jump, discus, javelin, and wrestling.

These events were different from ours in two ways. First, the jumpers used weights. They would swing the weights forward at the start of the jump, then back.

The other great difference was that the Greeks did not even measure the jumps and the discus and javelin throws, but contented themselves with determining who had made the best mark and won the event. Then the winner of the pentathlon was determined by a system of scoring firsts, seconds, and thirds. The idea of keeping records and the keen interest in record breaking is very modern. It arises from the desire to attract a large paying public to contests.

Again the evening was given over to sociability. We must remember, of course, that everyone was there at night, for there was nowhere else to go. To better appreciate the nature of those night sessions, consider the games of 476 B.C., which were regarded as the greatest of them all.

The Greeks had just finished a great two-front war against the Persians in the East and the Carthaginians in the West. The greatest hero of the war was Themistocles of Athens. He had urged resistance to the Persians, persuaded the Athenians to build up a navy, and finally brought on the great battle of Salamis which broke the Persian navy.

Crowds followed him around all through this meeting, and he even overshadowed the athletes, admired as they were. This second evening he may well have been busy with arbitration of quarrels between some of the smaller Greek states, a

field in which he gained even further reputation.

Yet there were others there whom history remembers. Aeschylus must have been at this meeting, and we can be sure that Pindar was, for we still have the five great odes which he wrote to celebrate victories. On this second evening he may well have been forming phrases in his mind for the odes which he wrote to celebrate the victories of two Sicilian kings that morning in the chariot and horse races. As he strolled in the moonlight he may well have heard singers entertaining the crowds with his earlier odes.

The next morning was the time of the great sacrifice to Zeus. First in the procession to a great altar came the officials of the games, then the soothsayers, and the priests with the animals for sacrifice. Then came the official deputations from Greece and Greece beyond the seas. Then came the athletes, chariots and horses, and then the crowds.

To think of the men present that day in 476 B.C. staggers the imagination. Even the crowds were great, for they were the men who thundered down the hill on the Persians at Marathon and sank their ships at Salamis or drove off the Carthaginians in the West. Themistocles of Athens, Hieron of Syracuse, Theron of Acragas, and the captains, the kings, and the statesmen of all Greece were there.

Yet this was not all, for Greece now stood at the opening of her

greatest era, the Age of Pericles. Pericles himself, not yet famous, must have stood before the altar, and Aristides the Just, and Pindar, Bacchylides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, all literary immortals; Phidias, Ictinus, and Myron, immortals in art; as well as many others whose names are known only to scholars, but who played their part in this great flowering of the human spirit.

The events for boys, races, boxing, and wrestling, were run off on the afternoon of the day, and on the fourth day came a full card of events for men.

The modern track enthusiast might smile at the three races of this morning. The dash was one length of the stadium, about 200 yards. There were 21 lanes. In the final, 20 men, barefoot, started at the word *Go!* and ran 200 yards in perhaps 22 seconds.

The second race was two lengths, or about a quarter mile. In this race the 20 finalists went down the track, turned around posts set between the lanes across the end line, and each came back in the lane to the left of his first course. The long race, about three miles, went up and down this straightaway, with the men turning about one post set in the middle of the line at either end of the track.

An oval track and shoes of some sort would obviously have provided faster races.

But one common factor of all these was present in the Greek

Olympic races, that pure hot excitement of a foot race which is like no other thrill in sport. All the glossy conveniences of modern big-time running can add nothing to that.

The meeting ended with the boxing and pancration, or general contest. The boxers wore soft-leather straps around their hands and fought without rounds until one gave in.

In the pancration everything went except biting and gouging. To us a contest in which kicking and choking were allowed would seem brutal, yet to the Greeks it was a contest of skill. Kicking with bare feet implies great agility and skill, since the leg must be raised to kick with the heel or the ball of the foot. Choking, too, is a good move only against an unprepared antagonist and may lead to a disastrous countermove. The Greeks knew punishment holds, however, and sometimes won with them.

It was characteristic of the games that no events were scheduled for the last day. Many must have started home on that day; yet many others must have stayed to finish serious talks on business or politics. Many a treaty was concluded under the shadow of the sacred truce, many a question arbitrated by prominent neutrals.

The day ended with a great banquet for the victors, who now were men of undying fame, not only in their own communities, but in all Greek communities.

Tall tales reached an all-time apex with the story of the Walla Walla & Columbia River

Rawhide Railroad

By STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Condensed from "Far Corner"*

WE HAVE had only one native master liar in the Pacific Northwest. He was the late George Estes of Troutdale, Ore. He fashioned our one Northwest tale that appears to have the indestructible qualities of a classic. *The Rawhide Railroad* first appeared in print in 1916, and he had to publish it himself.

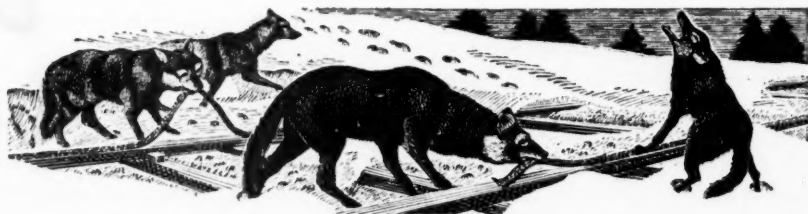
George Estes earned a living as an attorney. Meanwhile, he wrote hundreds of thousands of words of what he, but no editor, believed was historical fiction. When he came to set down his tale of the rawhide railroad, he founded it on an actual line, the Walla Walla & Columbia River. Several of his characters were actual persons.

The locale was real, too, and the fact that it was Walla Walla,

Wash., surely did the story no harm. There is but one Walla Walla on earth. Estes's introduction of rawhide, that favorite symbol of Western pioneer ingenuity, into the story, was touched with genius.

In his preface, historian Estes gets up a head of steam and gives his readers an idea of the forgotten, though authentic and marvelous, material he has in store for them. "This," says he, "is the story of a remarkable steam railroad actually constructed and successfully operated in the beautiful Walla Walla valley many years ago, on which rawhide, overlaying wooden beams, was used in place of iron or steel rails."

He goes on to say that this pioneer railroad has long since become



*Copyright, 1952, by Stewart H. Holbrook. Reprinted with permission of the Macmillan Co., New York City. 270 pp. \$4.

a part of the Union Pacific system. All records of the rawhide era, he adds, have been destroyed. Fortunately, however, said Mr. Estes, he had some 25 years previously met a veteran section foreman of the railroad, and from him the author got "the wealth of detail and circumstantial accuracy" that could leave no doubt whatever as "to the truth of the story as a whole." With these typical flourishes of the local historian out of the way, the author gets on with his narrative.

Into a bucolic scene of pioneer times comes Dr. Dorsey S. Baker. He was a physician from Illinois, and was easily the most energetic figure in Walla Walla. He was in everything. Thus, when he heard grumbling against the high cost of freight to Wallula, nearest port on the Columbia, he swore he would remedy the situation.

Author Estes requires a couple of leisurely chapters to get a small locomotive and several sets of car wheels from Pittsburgh to Portland, Ore., then up the Columbia by boat to Wallula. He takes another chapter to collect a crew of cowboys and Indians, and set them to making the right of way. Doc Baker had looked into the matter of iron rails. They were too costly, he pronounced.

His trains would run on wooden rails. These were laid, and soon the first train of the Walla Walla & Columbia River railroad made a successful round trip. Presently

"And the Truth Is Not in Him"

FATHER EMIL DEPREITERE of El Reno, Okla., sent me a liar's license for fishermen, after I admitted I caught only one six-inch perch at the opening of a new lake. He marked my name in the category "Very poor liar." Other classifications on the card include "Unmitigated," "Cheerful," "Unvarnished," "Plain," "High-grade," and "Just a liar."

The liar's license card points out that privileges do not apply to weight of babies, gasoline mileage, golf scores or prohibition matters. But it is quite liberal about fish: you may borrow or rent fish for pictures; you may add to your lies, because fish grow daily; and lies may be told about fish at any time, except to game wardens.

*Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest
Courier (24 May '52).*

Walla Walla wheat was moving for a fourth of what the despicable freighter operators had charged.

"But," says Estes, "it was soon found that the gnawing movements of the tread and flanges of the locomotive drivers quickly wore off the tops and edges of the wood rails." But would Doc Baker face them with strap iron? He would not. He would use rawhide, that renowned "metal" upon which all Western pioneers relied to sur-

mount all mechanical difficulties.

This triumph of pioneer resourcefulness worked well for years, as historian Estes told it. Lest uninformed readers have any doubt that rawhide filled the need, he took time out from his narrative to explain the nature of rawhide. In wet weather, said he, rawhide became soft and loose. But the Walla Walla valley, as everybody ought to know, was a region of sparse rainfall. Occasionally, because of rain or snow, the rawhide railroad had to suspend for a day or so; then the sun came out, the rawhide quickly became taut again, and as hard as mild steel.

Yet, disaster lay just ahead. It came during a winter of unprecedented severity. Provisions grew scarce. Feed ran short. Cattle were turned out on the snowy ranges to get such fodder as they might. They fared badly. Most of them froze. Wolf packs swept down from the Rockies, devouring the frozen cattle, and at last crowded to the very edge of Walla Walla. One terrible night, out of still another blizzard, two of Doc Baker's faithful Indian friends came pounding at his door. They brought hideous news of the railroad. They were half frozen, yet they managed to tell what had happened, "Railroad, him gonumhell. Wolves digum out—eat all up—Wallula to Walla Walla."

Doc Baker was understandingly shaken at this catastrophe. Yet he

rallied manfully, and in the spring reluctantly had strap iron fastened to the top of the wooden rails. The era of rawhide had passed. The refurbished road operated successfully for many years more, and was then purchased by the Union Pacific.

Such was the rawhide-railroad story as set down most soberly and with fine attention to detail by historian Estes. The story made little noise at the time, though it did irritate Dr. Baker's family (he had died in 1888) and many other residents of Walla Walla. The latter seemed to think that even though the story was fiction, it served to put them in the class of backward communities.

Then Emerson Hough came across a copy of the booklet. Mr. Hough, author of *The Covered Wagon* and prolific chronicler of the Old West, was all but bowled over. "This story contains," he wrote of *The Rawhide Railroad* in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "as much homeric humor of the American West as anything between covers since the days of Mark Twain's *Roughing It*."

Then, the deluge. Bookstores from Portland, Me., to Portland, Ore., and from the Lakes to the Gulf, hastened to order stocks of *The Rawhide Railroad* from Estes in remote Troutdale. With his own hands he wrapped and shipped the major portion of the original edition, which for six years had been

gathering dust. The orders continued. Happy George Estes of Route 1 got out a second edition.

Estes's rawhide-railroad story escaped its proper bounds of fiction and went—almost—into history. I have been told the story of this railroad by possibly 100 people, often by natives of the Northwest; all actually believed the rails to have been covered with rawhide. Doubt offended them. There were some, too, who believed the wolf part of it.

By 1934, W. W. Baker, a son of the doctor, had been so much troubled by *The Rawhide Railroad* that he went to considerable effort and expense to put the Estes tale back in the corral of fiction. In that year Mr. Baker published *Forty Years a Pioneer: The Business Life of Dorsey Syng Baker*. It was a fat volume that deals, among other things in the life of Dr. Baker, with the Walla Walla & Columbia River railroad—as it was, and not as described by George Estes. Here one learns that the line was operated on wooden rails, true enough, but that they were from the first topped with strap iron.

For all the effect his book has had on *The Rawhide Railroad*, Mr. Baker might just as well have printed a chapter from *Black Beauty*. His book is valuable local pioneer history. But as an exterminator of rawhide rails it is as the wind in the cottonwood trees.

As recently as 1951, an article in a railroad magazine accepted the rawhide rails of Doc Baker's railroad as fact, while dismissing the wolves as fiction. Recently, too, a distinguished American historian seriously cited the use of rawhide "on a railroad in the Northwest" as "the most remarkable example of American ingenuity of record."

Visitors to the Walla Walla valley invariably wish to know about the railroad. Is it still running? Where can they see the tracks? The personnel of Walla Walla's chamber of commerce have been harassed by the story for so many years that they have long since become weary of denying it.

Two factors have made the Estes tale durable. One is the imposing reputation of rawhide in all western communities, the symbol of pioneer strength and resourcefulness.

The other solid factor is the author's delicate sense of balance in the matter of exaggeration.

When at its best, exaggeration is a fine, frail, and tender thing. Let any excess in exaggerations occur and the whole narrative collapses into juvenile silliness, a simple tall tale. Only a master knows the exact point where a load will be too great for the story to bear, and stops short of it. George Estes' story survives and grows because he judged with fine accuracy the exact amount of exaggeration the tale would bear.

"In 25 Words or Less...."

In the modern commercial prize contest your chances are as good as anyone else's

By ZENN KAUFMAN and
LESTER CONE, JR.

Condensed from
*"Successful Prize Contests"**



THOUSANDS of people enter prize contests every week. Prizes range from the Nobel Peace prize of \$37,000 to a crisp new \$10 bill awarded to the housewife who sends her radio station the best 100-word account on "How I Met My Husband."

A contest conducted by a cigarette company once drew 27 million entries. In one week, during this contest's peak, 210,760 cartons of cigarettes were awarded in prizes. Many national contests bring in 1 million entries, and contests pulling 100,000 entries are common. Probably somewhere between 40 and 50 million contest entries are made in the U. S. every year. U. S. Post Office officials estimate that contests alone pay the full-time salaries of more than 700 mailmen.

Why do people enter prize contests? Chiefly, to win money; for the "kick" of winning; and to have something to do.

Let's look at these motives briefly. Joe Glotz, a corner druggist,

offers a hot-water bottle to anyone who can tell him how many beans are in the bottle in his window. Lizzie Smith goes by, sees the bottle, and goes into the store to make her estimate. She doesn't win the bottle, but she buys some aspirin, and Joe is happy. She was snared by the idea of something "free."

As for the second motive, cold statistics show that most entrants must lose. But there is something in each of us that whispers, in a voice two tones louder than reason, "Go ahead, you may win it." We enter contests for the same reason we enter a golf game; we wish to win.

Motive No. 3, though less apparent, is operating all the time. Contests, like movies, television, radio, and baseball are entertaining. Better still, they offer cheap entertainment. Many a man has picked up his pencil, tackled a contest, and said to himself, "I may not win, but I'll have fun trying." The average person does enjoy him-

*Copyright, 1951, by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 5th Ave., New York City 11. 567 pp.

Reprinted with permission.

self as he works on a contest entry.

Put all these motives together, and you see why almost everybody sooner or later enters a prize contest.

There are executives of large firms who are unpleasantly surprised to learn that federal law requires that contest entries be actually opened, read, and evaluated! The winning entry cannot be picked from a hat. Once upon a time, contests were judged that way. Now, the law and good public relations force every contest sponsor to judge every entry as carefully as humanly possible.

Most big contest sponsors now employ professional contest judges who try to judge entries on merit alone. They know how foolish the sponsor will look if the prize goes to an extremely poor entry.

Professional contest judges do not award prizes on any geographical basis. It makes no difference to the sponsor where the prize winner lives. A sponsor gets his value from the contest long before any prizes are awarded. The law of averages, of course, determines the fact that most winners come from places where the most people live or where advertising of the contest has been most intense.

It would be utterly stupid for a firm to leave any of its contest mail unopened. Once a famous radio comedian solicited gags for his program. This was not a contest, simply an offer to buy usable

material. Hundreds of thousands of people responded to his offer. The gag writers opened and read a certain percentage of his mail. When they had enough material, they just dumped the rest of the mail into a near-by room.

But the sponsor of the program was curious about it. His office staff opened it and found, among other things, a check for \$18,000. The check was in payment for goods received, and the sponsor had been dunning the customer about it. Another envelope, dated three months previously, contained a sizable order requesting immediate shipment. Dozens of other important pieces of correspondence were found in the discarded mail. The sponsor just escaped ruin.

Every sponsor must include in his budget the cost of handling the contest, besides that of prizes. It costs money to pick up the mail at the post office, have it opened, read, and judged. A sponsor can find himself in pretty hot water, legally, if a contest is mishandled. There are too many voluntary "watch-dogs" to make it safe to judge entries carelessly. A post-office inspector may walk into the sponsor's office any time and ask embarrassing questions about his judging procedures. Even more important is the matter of public relations. If the public ever learns that a sponsor is careless or unfair in awarding prizes, it may turn against him forever after.

Just as many contestants cannot imagine what \$100,000 is like, so many sponsors simply cannot envision what 100,000 pieces of mail will look like. And 500,000 to 1 million entries prove simply overwhelming. That is why more and more sponsors are turning their contests over to professional judging companies.

The professionals can see the pitfalls ahead and take steps to avoid them. One unwary sponsor announced his winners and winning entries by radio. Within a few hours, his company received 22 telegrams from people who claimed to have submitted the same entry! The sponsor had to go through the entries again. Furthermore, he found that the claims were correct. Even after throwing out 11 entries on technicalities, he still had to fork out 11 first prizes where he had expected to give only one!

Amateur judges often overlook mild infractions of the rules. An otherwise good entry contains 26 words instead of 25, as specified in the rules. "What difference does it make?" the amateur may ask. At the least, it may mean a lawsuit if the major prize is awarded to such an entry. The hazards are multiplied in the case of a large, prominent advertiser with a big bank account.

Many sponsors once had their contests judged by famous celebrities, but that practice is going out. More and more people raise their

eyebrows at the announcement that Mr. Bigshot Author, Professor Highbrow, and Editor Slash will judge a certain contest. Most people are smart enough to realize that no four or five prominent and busy individuals will have time to read and judge hundreds of thousands of entries. They will suspect that entries are picked at random or that the whole contest is a fake.

The great popularity of prize contests has produced a rash of contest-fan magazines, most of them with circulation of less than 4,000 a month. Besides giving purported tips on how to win contests, such magazines usually carry advertising of "professional contest experts" who offer, for a fee, to help the reader win any contest he chooses. The idea that anybody would tell you how to win a \$25,000 contest for a fee of a few dollars is so ridiculous that few people are taken in. Most contest-fan magazines fold up after a few months of publication.

One crude delusion foisted on gullible readers of contest-fan magazines is the idea that dolling up entries with colored crayon, special papers, and other devices gives the entry a better chance to win. In any well-run contest, such entries are retyped on plain paper, and reach the judges without the name of the entrant.

Another popular myth is that there is such a person as the "professional contest winner." This

imaginary character is usually reported to have won a string of Buicks and a trip to Bermuda. The funny thing about most of these people is that they hang on to their \$40 a week jobs as shoe clerks or stenographers, unspoiled by fame and fortune. The fingers of one of your hands will more than serve to count the number of people who make a living by winning contests.

The average sponsor tries hard to judge an entry strictly on its

merit. He cares little whether a certain contestant has won other prizes before, so it is possible that prizes may go to "repeaters." After all, these people do buy the product. Many of them try the product in their homes, and study it carefully. If their slogan is good, why shouldn't they win? Nearly 99% of contest entries are from people who happen to see the contest announcement and say to themselves, "Maybe I'll win. Think I'll try!"

Male Order

WHEN the missionary threw away his old mail-order catalog, one of the young villagers found it and took it home. His interest seemed to be concentrated on the pages advertising ladies' dresses. One day, the young man counted his savings, and decided that he would order number O27H64.

Two months later, the order arrived at the village post office. The young man was notified; wearing his best clothes, he set out to receive his order. On arrival, he was presented with a parcel. Surprised, provoked and displeased, he refused to accept it.

The postmaster couldn't understand the reason. "Isn't that the dress you ordered?" he asked.

"Dress," shouted the young man. "It wasn't the dress I ordered, but the lady that was in it."

White Fathers Missions (May '52).

Made to Order

FATHER FRANCIS J. LYNCH, Maryknoll missionary from Pittsfield, Mass., was forced to prepare his own food during his six months of house arrest in communist China. During this time he discovered a foolproof method for baking bread in his unevenly heated oven. After he has placed the dough in the oven, he says the Rosary. After each three decades, he turns the bread one fifth of the way around. After 15 decades, he removes the finished product, a golden brown on all sides.

Walter Frank.



Beauty is within the good

THE JUNE CATHOLIC DIGEST published an article by Hildegarde in which that famous and beautiful woman described how she had become famous. Throughout her struggle she remained faithful to prayer. She said the Rosary daily. One help to prayer is a poem Hildegarde carries in her rosary case. She had "searched in vain for the author, Ruth M. McKeon." This is the poem:

*With this, the talent I possess,
Dear Lord, let me bring happiness
In some small way to those who
read*

*With saving laughter as their need.
Let it be said no word of mine
Shall turn a heart away from
Thine;*

*But, if frivolity can make
A little less the bitter ache
That fills one soul; or for a while
Induce a tired face to smile;
Dear Lord, perhaps you will not
care
If this is what I call my prayer.*

After the article appeared Hilde-

garde received, among many others, this letter:

13 Colonial Road
Woburn, Mass.
May 26, 1952

Dear Hildegarde,

Last week life consisted of nothing more exciting than any mother's daily round of dishes, duds, and dust; the latter seemingly unconquerable. This week, thanks to a dear friend who read your life story in the June issue of the CATHOLIC DIGEST, I have known one of the greatest thrills I shall ever have.

It is easy to understand why you tried in vain to find me, for certainly a more obscure poet never lived.

About the time you were singing in the unknown little *boite* in Paris at the equivalent of \$17.50 a week, I was earning slightly more as a schoolteacher in Everett, Mass. Then along came love, and marriage, both of which have remained steadfast and secure through the many trials, spiritual, financial, and physical, which come to all married partners, I guess. We have three

little girls: four, seven, and nine; and they are probably the only true wealth we shall ever acquire.

Long ago it became evident that no great fortune would ever result from my perspiring efforts at poetry; yet, today, I am miraculously rich, because you regard as precious a few lines which I wrote with difficulty over a long period of time.

The original title of the poem was *A Humorist Writes to Heaven*. The poem was published by the *New York Times*, whose kindly editor astounded me by sending a check for \$10, to my great delight.

This was an incentive to further writing. I managed to get about a dozen poems published by such magazines as *Extension* and *Columbia* and the Boston papers.

Incidentally, if, by any chance, I do have any "rights," as you say in your article, and if unknowingly you may have invaded them, let me hold you to this: that in that daily Rosary of yours you include just one Hail Mary for me, beseeching the sweetest Mother of all to help me to become what I need to be most, a good mother.

Believe me, dear Hildegarde, trying to be a good mother bears a resemblance to trying to be a fair poet. Often I lack the patience, perseverance, and bit of humor necessary to both careers, and I wonder

whether it was a great mistake to attempt either.

However, each has its own sweet rewards; our Jeanie's First Communion day this month was one. Your opinion of one poem is another.

Our little girls are like most girls, big and little, who adore feminine frippery, a pretty hair-do, and any kind of singing, but particularly that of lovely ladies in gorgeous gowns. I would like you to know how important it is that I am able to say to them, "See, here is Hildegarde. You think her beautiful; you love her singing; but do you know something else about her? Every day she says the Rosary just as you do, and once she thought very hard about being a nun, just like the Sisters of Notre Dame who teach you."

Perhaps your heart still does yearn sometimes for the peace and serenity of convent life. When it does next time, will you remind it please, for me, and for all mothers, that God wanted the world to have gaiety and song too, and that He chose you to prove by your own way of living that a woman can be glamorous, and still wear a shining white garment!

Thank you, and God love you!

Ruth M. McKeon

(Mrs. John J. Kierstead)

A BOY in Milwaukee was throwing stones at another boy. A passer-by asked the passive victim why he looked so unhappy.

"Mister," the boy replied, "I'm making my First Communion Sunday. He says I can't throw stones back at him."

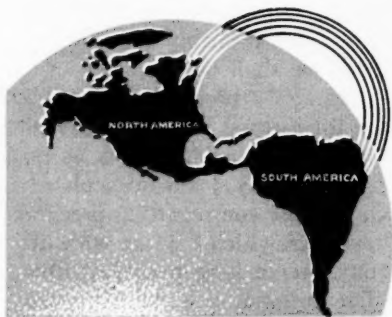
Milwaukee Journal (18 May '52).

Our Divided Hemisphere

The ruin of the Latin-American rubber industry is the last of a series of errors that runs back to Columbus

By CARLOS DAVILA

Condensed from
*"We of The Americas"**



A HEAVY chain of errors runs through the history of America. Columbus discovered America by mistake. He had set out in search of India, and thought he had arrived there when he reached the West Indies.

The earth, he wrote, was pear-shaped. When he landed in the Caribbean he believed himself to be in the Orient, high on the narrow end of the pear and very close to a terrestrial paradise at the stem, the source of the Ganges, Nile, Euphrates, and all other great rivers.

His mission included raising gold for armies to reconquer the Holy Sepulcher. He thought great speed was necessary since "there remained only 150 years to the end of the world."

Eight years later, Admiral Pedro Alvarez Cabral sailed in command of a Portuguese fleet to the Orient around Africa. He was carried away by what he considered "ad-

verse" winds, and discovered Brazil, also by mistake, in April, 1500. Then, 180 years later, Nicollet, Joliet, and La Salle explored the Mississippi, in the hope of finding "neighboring" China.

In the Old World of Europe, there was scant place for the New. Serious European thinkers indulged in a sober controversy on whether dogs would be able to bark on this continent, where all throats were silenced by decay. Only insects, cold reptiles, and poisonous creatures could prosper here—not elephants, hippopotamuses, horses, rhinoceroses, camels, or giraffes. Not even fossils could be found. The jaguar and the puma were ridiculous "imitations" of the lordly tiger and the lion.

There was no wheat here, and as for the American corn, potatoes, and cocoa, of what account were they? When sugar and coffee were brought to America they degenerated also, being "less sweet and less

*Copyright, 1949, by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Reprinted by permission.

aromatic." All this was based on philosophical and scientific convictions which flourished far into the 18th century. The brilliant Voltaire was repeating, at the end of the 18th century, that Canada was a cluster of useless icicles, and that there was nothing there for men to eat. In the 19th century, Hegel, the German philosopher, wrote, "America has always shown itself physically and psychically powerless."

The theories about American inferiority have had a strange vitality. Contemporary European philosophers are still swayed by them. Only a few years ago, the German Keyserling was able to write soberly that "animal instincts" prevail in America, while Europe is moved by "spirituality."

Side by side with all this mumbo jumbo about a degenerate or inferior America, stretches the "Black Legend" of Spanish cruelty in the American colonies. This legend is still a barrier between the English and Spanish-speaking Americas. It started when the Flemish, who were fighting Spain for their independence, got hold of a book, *Short History of the Destruction of the Indies*, written by Father Bartolomé de las Casas. It was written to sway the Spanish crown toward a policy of protection of the Indians. Las Casas' book completely achieved its purpose, but it was hard on the reputation of the Spanish Empire. The book, published in 1552, made

bold general statements on the basis of isolated and doubtful reports of Spanish mistreatment of the Indians.

Las Casas' story was that all Indians were good and fine, "sons of princes and gentlemen," while the Spaniards were invariably cruel, rapacious rogues. Las Casas' book became an indictment of a whole system, the Spanish monarchy and the Catholic Church, and a formidable weapon to be wielded by their enemies.

The editions of Las Casas' *History* multiplied rapidly in all languages. One published by the Flemish *émigré*, Theodore de Bry, in Frankfort in 1597, included 16 horrifying woodcuts which became forever after associated with the text. Both Las Casas' story and De Bry's prints invaded all reference books, histories, dictionaries, encyclopedias, text and travel books, and even popular poetry.

From the Flemish patriots the weapon of the "Black Legend" passed into the hands of the Reformation leaders during the religious wars. Later it was used by the encyclopedists and rationalists preparing the French Revolution. Finally the liberal movements of the 18th and 19th centuries used it.

It prejudiced Simon Bolivar and other leaders of the Spanish-American revolutions. It crept into the national anthems and school textbooks of every Latin-American republic. It was no wonder that a

Chilean writer said in 1864 that progress consisted in "de-Hispanizing" the people.

We can see now, along with the black spots, the white background of early Hispanic-American history. But for more than 200 years the "Black Legend" of barbaric conquest, cruelty and exploitation remained almost unchallenged.

The *conquistadores*, as we are now aware, were only men of their epoch. Spanish America differed little from Europe in the political and religious wars of the time. Any atrocities that did occur were like those that were taking place in the Dutch, French, and English colonies in America.

But under the spell of the "Black Legend," some historians condemned all Spanish-American colonial institutions out of hand. Yet if you read the New Laws of 1542, or the immense volumes of Royal Decrees you will realize that the "State of Law" by which Spain ruled in America was as good as that of any place else at the time.

Many articles of the *Recopilacion de Indias* of 1680 could be written into modern social legislation. Worker and professional trade unions were recognized and protected by the government. There was an eight-hour-day work law in Chile in the 16th century, a few decades after the discovery of America; a kind of OPA was in operation, with minimum salaries and ceiling prices; speculators in

primary necessities were regarded as criminals, subject to prison or exile. And for 300 years Latin America led all the New World in political and administrative organization, economics and culture.

It was the breakup into many republics that brought about a shift of leadership from southern to northern hands in this hemisphere. An empire was destroyed in South America, while one was built in the U.S. A process of integration made the U.S.; a process of disintegration divided the 20 nations to the south.

The U.S. became independent when it had 3,900,000 inhabitants; Latin America, when it had 20 million. The population of New York was 20,000, while there were 90,000 in Mexico City and 76,000 in Havana. Only by 1870 had the U.S. caught up with Latin America in population.

The exports of the 13 colonies, at the time of the break with England, did not exceed \$5 million a year. Exports were nearly 30 times greater from the Latin America of those days. Only in the middle of the 19th century was Latin America overtaken and outdistanced.

The long, exhausting war for independence spelled financial ruin for the Spanish colonies. In the end, they did not even achieve unity. They had civil wars; mostly, they fought separate wars against Spain, and for 40 years were signing separate treaties of peace with Spain.

A similar fate threatened the youthful U.S. after the Revolutionary war, but the founding fathers forced through the present American federal Constitution in 1787-88 to preserve unity.

Between the Declaration of Independence and the federal Constitution, the unfederated period threatened anarchy in the U.S. for 11 years. This same lack of federation has continued for more than a century in Latin America.

Had Alexander Hamilton, Gen. Henry Knox, and Rufus King had their way, the U.S. would have gone all out to help Latin America to the same unity. But Jefferson, Madison, and Adams prevailed. The U.S. had an eye on Florida and other neighboring territories, which it hoped to absorb through friendly negotiations with Spain.

If the U.S. had gone to the help of the Spanish colonies, it would have meant war with Spain at a moment when the U.S. was weak. In this struggle other European nations might have joined, and the freedom of the whole hemisphere could have been jeopardized.

Nevertheless, in the long years of war between Spain and her colonies, U.S. neutrality was bitterly resented in Latin America. That neutral policy led to Latin-American disintegration: It was the first fateful defeat of Pan-Americanism.

From then on, U.S. policy was negative; limited to protection of this continent from alien "encroach-

ments." Pan-Americanism was always proclaimed, but never pursued to really useful conclusions. It was a verbal policy, generally meaningless. In 122 years we have had 208 Pan-American conferences in which more than 100 treaties were signed. Only one has been ratified by the 21 republics. Pan-Americanism was never a world force, never exerted leadership. In world affairs Pan-Americanism has been tail-endism.

Pan-Americanism is a feeble substitute for federation, and economically, Pan-Americanism has been a rosary of errors and neglects. In the realm of world policies, Pan-Americanism simply trailed along; but in economics it seems to have had a rigid, positive plan: 1. the most limited use of unlimited resources; 2. no inter-American economic integration.

Before the 2nd World War the U.S. was buying 94% of its tropical imports, mostly strategic materials, from an undependable Orient 10,000 miles away. It did not buy from its neighbors in near-by Latin America, and was paying for this unsound course in mounting scarcities.

In 1939, U.S. imports of essential and strategic commodities amounted to \$400 million. Of this, \$6 million, or 1½%, came from Latin America.

When the 2nd World War broke out, it was freely stated that this would "never happen again." But as events are shaping up now, it

may very well happen again. As a result of her prewar trade policy, the U.S. was granting a favorable balance of trade of \$350 million a year to the Far East, while penalizing Latin America with a \$350 million unfavorable balance; whereas she had seven times more investments in the countries to the south.

The Latin-American rubber catastrophe illustrates the effects of this policy. When, in 1492, Columbus saw American Indians playing with bouncing balls, he could hardly believe his eyes; nor could Hernando Cortes when Emperor Montezuma entertained him with similar games in 1520. Just 332 years ago, the Mexican forerunners of one of the greatest American industries were already manufacturing watertight shoes and clothing with the mysterious tears of the "weeping tree."

Only when the first shipment of Brazilian rubber arrived in the U.S., 185 years later, did American manufacturers begin to compete with this Latin-American industry. In 1875 the U.S. was already importing \$4,675,000 worth of Latin-American rubber annually. The following year was the year that spelled doom for Latin-American rubber. A Britisher was able to smuggle the seeds of 17 *Hevea brasiliensis* trees from Tapajoz (Brazil) to Asia. Thus Ceylon, Sumatra, the Federated Malay states, Siam, and French Indo-China began their rubber-winged flight to wealth, pi-

loted by the ablest financial wizards of the century: the British, French, and Dutch.

Brazil entered the 20th century in a rubber boom, with nearly half a billion still untapped trees; but the duel between the wild Latin-American and the Asiatic plantation rubber already was on.

In 1910 with an 11,000-ton annual production, the first oriental "plantation" rubber was offered on the market. But still the Brazilians and other Latin Americans were living within the happy illusion of "monopoly."

Manáos, the dream city on the Amazon, was then one of the wealthiest in the world. Its extravagant luxury surpassed anything seen in the gold-rush cities of the American West. The common adornment was diamonds, in the production of which Brazil had been leading the world.

The year 1912 marked the peak of Brazilian rubber production, with 45,000 tons. The following year Asiatic rubber production exceeded that of Latin America for the first time.

By the beginning of the 1920's, Latin America was supplying only 19,000 of the 317,000 tons of world rubber consumption; in 1927, only 6% of 567,000 tons. In 1938, just before the 2nd World War, Latin America had yielded to Asia 98% of an 875,000-ton world market.

Thus by 1934, 98% of the rubber producers were able to organize

themselves into a closed "cartel" and impose their prices upon world purchasers.

The U.S. was buying about two-thirds of that rubber, to the tune of \$275 million a year. American consumers were paying high prices for their rubber products, and rubber producing Latin America was purchasing expensive American tires made of Asiatic material.

Then the war severed the rubber life line in the Pacific, and the U.S. was deprived of a material which headed the army list of strategic necessities.

What happened then is history: there was an American-financed rush to restore production in Brazil, Mexico, Haiti, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Guatemala, and Costa Rica, regardless of the cost; and the improvisation of a \$750 million synthetic-rubber industry in the U.S.

American rubber consumption in 1949 passed the million-ton mark. A national synthetic industry and the natural rubber of Latin America could have filled the requirements; but this did not occur. Instead, the U.S. favored the Far East with the lion's share of the American market at a price higher than the cost of production of the home synthetic-rubber industry.

In October, 1947, the house of Latin-American rubber collapsed heavily, almost bringing down with it the American synthetic industry.

The U.S. agreed at Geneva to relinquish more than two-thirds of the American market to the Far East-Eurasian plantation rubber, the remainder to be supplied jointly by American synthetic and Latin-American natural.

This postwar anti-Pan-American arrangement passed almost unnoticed. The only place it was denounced was in the House of Commons, where it was termed still "unsatisfactory" to British economy.

This pact went quietly into immediate operation; in fact, it had been practically at work even earlier, not withstanding the tragic experience of Pearl Harbor. During 1947, American Asiatic rubber purchases left \$200 million in Britain, just as in prewar years, but left the U.S. in even greater danger of losing her sources of supply than she had been before the war.

A revolutionary Southeast Asia is much less dependable today than it was in 1941. But the U.S. continued to buy rubber from a hopelessly smoldering Malaya at the rate of 500,000 tons a year right after the 2nd World War.

This is the sad 40-year story. The annual world consumption of rubber rose from 50,000 to 1 million tons, and the Latin-American contribution to that consumption went down from 100% to almost nothing. And so lizards moved into the marble palaces of Manáos on the Amazon, while huge fortunes piled up in Europe and Asia through

an "Eurasian" monopoly which dictates prices to the U.S., the largest world consumer, situated on the continent where rubber had its origin.

The case histories of quinine and cocoa are not very different from that of rubber. They also point to the curious "the Americas last" foreign economic policy of the 21 American republics.

An even more potent Eurasian monolithic combine under Soviet leadership has now entered the international trade, plus a formidable post war Eurafrica helped by millions of Marshall Plan dollars and machinery both in Europe and in Africa. These two economic worlds, government managed, well financed, with unlimited natural resources, modern know-how equipment and tools and hundreds of millions of submerged underpaid workers, constitute the greatest economic challenge that the Americas ever faced. The 12 basic exports of Latin America are all at stake with sugar, coffee, bananas, meat, cotton, tobacco, wheat following the path of rubber. There is the further pos-

sibility of industrial manufactured products of the New World being displaced in foreign and even domestic markets.

In his very learned and prophetic book "The Law of Civilization and Decay," Brooks Adams wrote "In the competition of a free international trade the survival of the fittest is the survival of the cheapest. . . . To be undersold is often more fatal to a population than to be conquered. . . ."

He told us that it was the *fellah*, the miserable African peasant, who caused the fall of Rome; that cheap rival labor ruined the agriculture of Italy and destroyed the sturdy agrarian class which was the backbone of the Empire.

The *fellahs* are now in Eurasia and Eurafrica. The Roman standard of living and unawareness seem to be in the Americas.

No matter how different prospects may appear, the New World, economically disorganized, never was as vulnerable as it stands today. Behind the ponderous U.S. facade of wealth and power there is a perilous hemispheric fragility.

First Come, First Served

WHEN asked if her younger brother should be told about an expected new arrival to the family, a Des Moines nine-year-old pleaded, "No, I'm praying for a baby sister and he'll want to have a brother and I don't want his prayers interfering with mine."

Des Moines Tribune (6 May '52).

Lo MEJOR = *The Best*

FROM the Rio Grande south to the tip of Cape Horn near the Antarctic circle are a score of countries with a population in excess of 100 million. One country, Brazil, has a land area greater than continental U. S. A.

Few North Americans realize that at least 90% of Latin Americans are of the Catholic faith. It is astonishing that there is now no well-edited, attractively printed magazine of Catholic character in existence for the people of Latin America.

Therefore, the editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST decided to pioneer the first national American Catholic magazine into these 20 countries. It presents the opportunity to spread the beauty and fairness of Catholic thought, as well as the virtues of our democratic way of life. The strengthening of the tie of understanding and friendship will be, perhaps, the most important of the goals the editors have set.

LO MEJOR DEL CATHOLIC DIGEST, in the Spanish language, will appear in October, 1952. It will contain more than just a literal translation of its North American coun-

terpart. It will be published and printed here in the States. But its editorial direction and its advertising pages will be under the supervision of a capable staff of Latin Americans whose thinking will be in tune with the spirit and interests of their native countries.

To Spanish-reading people in our own country, it will be a rare reading treat. To native Latin Americans, however, it can be offered as a gift of real distinction. Just think how much pleasure and enlightenment you can create by having monthly copies reach friends, relatives, the clergy, nuns, colleges, schools, seminaries, convents below the border.

LO MEJOR will cost only \$3 a year for 12 issues, delivered anywhere in Central and South America. There is no postage charge.

Send us your instructions at once. Please furnish complete names and addresses, and enclose \$3 for each subscription. Perhaps you have no one in mind, but would like to donate a gift subscription. We'll be glad to supply a name and announce the gift in your name. Act at once.

The Editors.

Logs for a Backwoods Chapel

*Father Nerinckx won a scuffle, a soul, and a ridgepole
for a Kentucky church*

By HELENE MAGARET

Condensed from "*Giant in the Wilderness*"*

FATHER CHARLES NERINCKX was riding from St. Stephen's to Henry Hagan's on Hardin's Creek, due south of Louisville. He held the reins firmly in one hand; in the other he held his open breviary.

Thus absorbed, the Belgian-born missionary did not see his horse, Printer, jerk his head nor did he hear the scuffle among the sumac. Suddenly the horse uttered a terrified cry and pawed the air. At the same moment the priest, thrown forward, found himself looking into the angry face of a man he knew as Dan Hardin, who pulled at the bridle violently. Father Nerinckx's breviary fell to the path. The priest might have expected this assault.

A few days earlier, a Sunday in July, 1806, he had been celebrating Mass at Henry Hagan's house. He turned for the sermon. In the front row sat Nancy Rhodes, who reminded him of Bloemart's Blessed Virgin on the cathedral wall in Mechlin. Then he saw Charles Cissell. Did the boy know anything about their common patron, St.

Charles Borromeo, for whom the new Hardin's creek chapel would be named? On the other side of the room were the Lancasters and the Mattinglys. Thank God for them!

It was not his manner to exhort. For the most part he was blunt and factual, so that the little congregation could not misunderstand him.

Some of them had lived in the neighborhood for 20 years. They had cultivated their fields, built their houses, cattle barns, granaries,

"Suddenly the horse uttered a terrified cry and pawed the air."



*Copyright, 1952, by the Sisters of Loretto. Reprinted with permission of the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. 200 pp. \$3.50.

and fences; but they had built no church for God. Did they think more of their livestock than of the Lord, he asked them? Did they expect better returns from their cows?

Father Nerinckx would wait no longer; they must have a church. But he would ask of them no money. Rather, he would make the way easy. He wanted only a tree. One tree and two days' labor between the last cultivating and the harvest.

"I will work with you," he promised. "I didn't come to Kentucky to sit among my books and write eloquent sermons. Let us work together, you and I, for the salvation of our souls and our country. A land without churches cannot give glory to God."

The people looked at the gigantic figure of their priest. They took him at his word. Had he not already built one church on the Rolling Fork, lifting all day against two men at the handspike, sawing out the windows himself, and casing them with slabs to keep the walls from sagging? So they sat listening.

"Matthew and Zachariah Cissell will provide one log each, 16 feet long and of proper thickness for the foundation. James Elder and John Lancaster will provide one log each, 20 feet long and of proper thickness for the foundation. For the floor, 16-foot logs of no more than ten inches in diameter will be

furnished by the following: Bennet Rhodes, William Mattingly, Sylvester Cissell, Edward Beaven. . . ."

Every man was alert to hear his own name and the specifications for his log.

Against the back wall stood Daniel Hardin, six-feet-four. At Bardstown a story was current that Dan Hardin had once thrown a young bull by the horns. "Sure thing. I done it," he always boasted, without offering to prove his prowess by repeating the feat.

On Saturdays he swaggered in and out of the tavern, unpleasantly sullen when he was sober and insolent when he drank. The rest of the week he trapped on Hardin's creek. Whether or not he was a Catholic was still a matter of dispute among the parishioners.

When the priest came to the end of the list, his eyes fell upon Dan. "It is the obligation of every Catholic, under pain of mortal sin," he began slowly, "to attend Sunday Mass, to receive the sacraments at

HELENE MAGARET, the biographer, has done much to emphasize the stature of several pioneer American churchmen. Her first book of this type was *Father De Smet* (Bruce, \$4.50). Her most recent is *Giant in the Wilderness* (Bruce, \$3.50), about Father Charles Nerinckx, from which this condensation is taken.

least once a year, and to give financial support to his parish church. I have read the names of the practicing Catholics in this community.

"There may be others who have failed to make themselves known, who have attempted to placate the Lord by slinking into church late on Sunday and disappearing before the last Gospel has been read. Such persons have failed to fulfill the obligations of their faith, either spiritual or material. Since they have never made themselves known to me, I cannot ask them for help."

There was dead silence in the room. Only one person could fit that description, Dan Hardin. No one but Father Nerinckx could have seen the angry red face and the clenched fists of the man leaning against the wall, and Father Nerinckx did not wait to see. As he turned about quickly and intoned "*Credo in unum Deum*," he heard the familiar sound of the people rising to their feet.

Now, here was Hardin on the trail, seeking revenge. The breviary lay in the dust. Still holding the bridle, Hardin whipped a knife from his belt and slashed the leather of the priest's right stirrup. "Blast your book! You ain't never felt Dan Hardin's fist or you'd keep your dag-blamed mouth shut! Makin' a fool of me last Sunday! But I got iron knuckles that can bust a priest's jaw as easily as a drunk's. Git off your horse."

Father Nerinckx dismounted.

"Tie him to that thar tree and git yourself set for a thrashin'."

The priest did as he was told. Then he picked up his breviary and slipped it into one of his saddlebags. "I'm not a small man, Dan Hardin, as you can see. Shorter than you, but I fancy I weigh a good deal more; and it's not fat, it's good, hard muscle."

"Be you tryin' to skeer me?" Dan asked in disgust.

"I'm not trying to scare you. When a man becomes a priest, he can't fight any more."

Dan Hardin broke into an ugly laugh. "That's a pretty tale. I never heered nothin' like that before."

"You've heard it now."

"Yes, I've heered it. But not bein' able to hit back ain't goin' to keep you from gittin' hit."

Dan Hardin happened to be left-handed. This had proved disastrous to other adversaries taken by surprise, but not to Father Nerinckx, who was prepared only to parry. Just before the left fist struck, the priest caught it in his right, made a lightning turn of his body, and lifting the man over his back, laid him flat on the ground. Dan hardly knew what had happened, save that he lay helpless under the grip of the priest astride him.

"You needed what I said last Sunday, Dan Hardin," Father Nerinckx said, leaning over him. "You are a fine young man with great strength, and a straight shooter, they tell me. But you didn't come

to me with a pistol, Dan Hardin. God bless you for that!

"I don't like holding you here in the dirt under my feet; but if you give me a broken jaw, I can't sing Mass. If you break my arm, I can't turn bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Lord. That's why I've got you down here, and you can't go until we've made peace."

The sneer had disappeared from Dan Hardin's face. "Not even a priest can treat Dan Hardin like a dog," he said.

"I've no wish to treat you like that, but I'm concerned with the way Dan Hardin's been treating God."

"That's my business."

"It's the priest's business, too."

"Let me go!"

"I'll let you go whenever you promise to be on your way, and never try this again."

Dan Hardin burned with humiliation. He set his jaw for one moment of contemplated resistance. Then, knowing it was useless, he muttered, "I promise."

Father Nerinckx released his grip and stood up. No word passed between the men. Without stopping to shake the dust from his clothes, Dan Hardin walked down the road in the direction opposite to Henry Hagan's farm.

At about four o'clock a few moonlit summer mornings later two horses came down the same path. They were going in the direc-

tion of the Hardin's creek settlement. On the first horse rode a Negro woman. Strapped in front of her was a saddle of raw venison and on either side hung panniers stuffed with corn. The second horse carried a priest and one small cask of whisky.

At Henry Hagan's, after Father Nerinckx had said Mass, Ma Boone built an improvised oven of stones and dirt, in which she could lay a fire for the barbecue. There would be venison and roasting ears for everyone who came to the church-raising, and also a single swig of whisky at midday—no more than that.

Some of the men had delivered their logs the day before, laying them neatly to one side of the clearing. But for most, an extra trip was inconvenient. At about 11 o'clock, they began coming from all directions, on horseback and muleback, dragging their logs by heavy chains and stirring up the dust behind them.

Father Nerinckx had no time to watch. He had already measured off the space of 16 by 20 feet, had rolled one of the foundation logs into place, and was rolling the second.

No preliminary instructions were necessary for these laborers who had helped one another raise houses and barns. They exchanged greetings. Then they lighted their pipes and chewed tobacco until the Cissell brothers arrived with the sec-

ond pair of foundation logs, whereupon everyone set to work.

Edward Beaven rode in later, dismounted, unfastened his log chain, and was about to tie up his horse when he saw a man coming down the path. The man in the distance was a tall young fellow. For lack of a horse, he was slowly and laboriously rolling his log in front of him. Beaven turned to one of the other men. "Ain't that Dan Hardin?"

"By gad, it is!"

Father Nerinckx stopped work and went off to meet him. Two men could do better at the job than one, he thought.

"That's a good log, Dan," the priest said approvingly. "How far have you rolled it?"

Sweat was pouring down Dan Hardin's face. "Just over the hill, Father," he lied. "It's for the ridge-pole. You didn't say nothin' in church about a log for the ridge-pole and you'll be needin' one. Later I'll go back for the saplin's to hold it."

The two men bent over the task

of rolling the log into the clearing. They made a good team, for Father Nerinckx tempered his strength to that of his fellow worker. Dan Hardin was happy. Father Nerinckx and he could put up the whole, dag-blamed building in one day. They didn't need these other men to help. With a final effort they forced the log over a ditch and into the new churchyard. Hardin gave it an affectionate kick before starting off for the saplings.

The priest stopped him. "If you are going for the saplings, you'd better take my horse."

Dan Hardin stared in unbelief. "Your horse, Father!"

"You may find him a bit hard to handle."

The man's face shone with pleasure. "I can handle him, Father." It was a statement of fact devoid of boastfulness.

"I know you can. Be careful in managing the bit and don't over-heat him." Father Nerinckx untethered Printer, gave him a brief caress, and placed the reins in Dan Hardin's hands.

Quotes Worth Quoting

A LITTLE splitting of the rays of religion and a little releasing of the energy of the Bible is the way to a "one world" in which fear of atomic bombs would be no more.

Archbishop Cushing.

TO FALL in love with God is the greatest of all romances; to seek Him, the greatest adventure; to find Him, the greatest human achievement.

Raphael Simon in the *Ave Maria* (7 June '52).

Blood Banker for the Philippines

*Ray Higgins liked the people, so he launched the campaign
that saved the lives and eyesight of thousands*

By MARIO CHANCO

AMERICA's outstanding ambassador of good will in the Philippines today is a former wrestler from Montana. His pioneering work in two previously neglected fields has saved the lives of thousands of Filipinos.

The man responsible for this health revolution is Ray "Blood Banker" Higgins. The two organizations he set up, blood and eye banks, are known through the Philippine islands today by thousands who would be dead if Ray had not stopped to talk one night with a Filipino doctor whose patient was close to death.

The idea for the blood bank came to Higgins one rainy night in Manila back in 1948. Dr. Fred Azaola is a physician whom Higgins had met after liberation. The doctor had told Higgins about a man who lay dying after an operation for a lung cyst. The operation had been surgically successful, but

the patient had lost a great deal of blood.

Higgins rushed the doctor and himself into a taxi and headed for the Metro Garden and Grill in the capital city's waterfront area. Twelve sailors stood at the bar. In the dim light from multicolored bulbs, the seamen looked to Dr. Azaola like poor prospects as medical allies. But he reckoned without the brotherhood of the sea. Ray, a former merchant-marine man himself, whispered a few terse words to the group.

Within minutes, five sailors were at the hospital getting their blood typed. The patient got his blood and quickly recovered.

That little incident was the forerunner of a national blood-bank organization that has spread its work all over the country with scores of little blood banks. Higgins has left its management to the Philippine National Red Cross. But he



still travels from province to province organizing blood-donation programs and spreading his gruff good humor to hamlets which even the communist-led Huks do not visit.

The Eye bank came into being only a little more than a year ago. Through its meager but continually expanding facilities, Eye-bank doctors have already been able to perform more than 40 successful operations on Filipinos who had resigned themselves to a life of bleak hopelessness.

Last year was one of the busiest in the Blood bank's history. It received deposits from thousands of donors, and gave away 20,000 bottles of whole blood which at the current market rate would have cost recipients \$1 million. This sum exceeds by 25% the \$800,000 appropriation needed by the Philippine National Red Cross to operate all its other services. Yet the Blood bank has never dunned its beneficiaries, some of whom did not know it existed until they were saved by it; nor has it solicited public assistance beyond its occasional appeals for blood donations.

Higgins called on a few civic-spirited Filipinos and American businessmen for help. Then he began a little fund drive for \$10,000 to buy some basic equipment for the Eye bank. Only 70% of the sum was realized, but Higgins is enthusiastic, and believes he will be able to get more as soon as the public realizes its importance. Thus

far, one of the Eye bank's main jobs has been to tell the people that it cannot restore sight to everyone; only cases where the optic nerve has not been irreparably damaged can be helped. Still, the mail from thousands of blind persons or their relatives continues unabated; at one time it exceeded mail requests for all other types of Red Cross services combined.

The man behind the Philippine eye and blood banks looks at his handiwork today a little bewildered, still amazed that what started out as an act of kindness to a friend could burgeon into so large an undertaking. His selfless work as the Philippine Republic's outstanding peso-a-year man has made him perhaps the best-known American in the Philippines today outside of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, whose name is legendary in Filipino hearts.

Higgins' ceaseless solicitude for the Filipino people has taken him to most of the republic's 7,085 islands and endeared him to the country's poor but sensitive people. His Christian deeds have also produced some tragicomic consequences. Early this year, for instance, he was caught in a political crossfire that arose from the desire of Manila's new mayor, Arsenio H. Lacson, to name him administrator of a Boys' Town home in the suburbs.

A city councilor raised the issue of a foreigner being appointed to a government position. A howl of

protest immediately drowned out this politician's plaint. Civic groups, newspapers, and the man in the street made such an issue of the ill-considered remark that the politician was forced to retire in confusion. But the incident had a tempering effect on Ray. He didn't accept the appointment. But he managed to get around the politicians and any other possible repercussions by gathering donations and sending them to the authorities through newspapermen.

Higgins keeps his pudgy fingers in the blood and eye banks and other charitable institutions while managing a little water-transportation business on the side. How he does this is something that even Mrs. Higgins, a comely Filipino-American from Cagayan province, finds hard to explain. Life in the Higgins household has become for her like living in a subway station, "One minute I see him flash by, the next minute he's gone."

Evenings, Ray waits beside his telephone in any of a dozen places for calls that may send him scurrying out for a rare type of blood. Police reporters meet him in the most unlikely places; it is not unusual for them to find him at an accident long before the photographers arrive.

Ray Higgins was born in Helena, Mont., on Jan. 12, 1910. Too young for the 1st World War, a trifle old for the 2nd, he managed to get into the latter by shipping out on the

George Boutwell, a merchant vessel that carried supplies to American troops in the Pacific. The *Boutwell* spent considerable time in the area, stopping at countless palm-fringed islands, at ports and battlefields that made the headlines back home.

But it was in the Philippines that Ray paused longest. Ray was captivated by the warmth of the people, and made up his mind to seek his postwar fortunes there. Except for two trips home to visit his mother, he has lived there ever since.

He began, aptly enough, by falling upon his first profession, wrestling. He was offered a purse of \$1,500 to wrestle the army heavyweight champion, accepted happily, and gave the army man the licking of his life. He headed for the box office, bruised but happy. He waited there in vain; the promoter, whom Ray insists looked like a decent sort of chap, had disappeared.

"I'll run into him some day," Ray says. "He might need some blood then, and boy, will I overcharge him!"

Ray took to promoting a few boxing bouts; he worked as a bouncer in a Manila night club. But he sensed that the postliberation bubble could not last. He wanted something more solid, something he could work on to identify himself with the country's gentle and religious people. So he started a little water-transportation

business, which soon began to flourish. Today he is comfortably well off, but the business suffers each time Ray answers a Blood or Eye-bank call. The complications do not dismay him; to friends who chide him, Ray has this stock reply, "You shoulda seen me in 1945!"

Sometimes even a standardized operation like a blood donation can acquire unexpected ramifications. When Lacson became Manila's first elective mayor late last year, the enterprising Higgins suggested that traffic violators be made to donate their blood in lieu of the customary fine.

The plan worked perfectly until one morning several weeks later when Higgins ushered in a nondescript individual of about 40 into his blood-letting room. The man gave his pint willingly, and then Higgins got the shock of his life. The donor was not a traffic viola-

tor, but a man from the provinces looking for a job!

Ray thought he had a laugh on that, but as things turned out the laugh was on him. Every morning for two weeks after that incident, the unscheduled donor visited Ray's water transportation office and haunted his doorstep, chanting, "Higgins, you are my blood brother, give me a job, give me a job."

"I almost went nuts," Higgins says. "I had to have the mayor put him to work digging ditches."

What's Ray's angle? Ray says he has been asked this question so many times he doesn't feel annoyed any more. He can repeat only a simple explanation, for Ray is a simple man.

"There's no angle, bud. People here have been good to me. I owe them a lot—more than I can give them. What other explanation do you want?"

Small Fish Fry

IN the mid-Pacific vicariate of the Caroline and Marshall islands, the world's largest and wettest, each morning and evening on Likiep a strange phenomenon takes place. Big fish from the Pacific maneuver schools of younger fry into the lagoon and corner them in the shallows between the double-pontoon barge and coral-reef shore.

At the first splash, natives dash from their huts and speed to the scene, only to find that their more agile offspring have streamed down the sands before them and are already wading out to the middle of the maelstrom. The actual roundup lasts from two to four minutes, hectic minutes: the big fish catch the little fish, the children catch the big fish, the mothers catch the children; and when this sequence of cooperation is complete there is a meal for all.

✕ Thomas John Feeney, S.J., in the *Mission Digest*. (Feb. '52).

New White House, Old Look

Condensed from *House & Home**

*The old residence of the President
could not hold up under the traffic
of a railroad terminal*



THE newly rebuilt White House is a mere shell of its former self. In fact, after two years and \$5,761,000, a thick exterior shell of Virginia sandstone is all that remains of the original home of the presidents, erected in 1792.

Inside and underneath, the rejuvenated building has the new steel and concrete bones of a skyscraper, the mechanical heart of a superhotel and the conveniences of a Home of the Future. Inside, it is half again as big as it was before.

But, to the flood of curious visitors the old place looks pretty much the same, with a new coat of paint outside and a certain new sparkle inside. This is as the planners intended it. But what, the taxpayer might ask, happened to that 6 million bucks?

First of all, a good portion of it is hidden in places where the Secret Service frowns on sightseers: behind the woodwork in the form of steel beams, ducts, and conduits; in 2nd and 3rd-floor living quar-

ters as new bathrooms, bedrooms, closets; and under ground level—much of the new White House, like an iceberg, is below the surface, underfoot, and out of sight.

There are two brand new basements and a mechanical area where there was almost nothing before, housing service shops, air conditioning, heating, incineration, and electrical and water systems.

There was ample reason for renovation. The executive mansion was a shaky old firetrap, scarred and weakened by 157 years of use and abuse, standing more from pride and habit than any valid structural cause.

In recent years more than one president had heard the eerie night sounds of old timbers grunting and groaning. Crowds noticed the crystal chandeliers swaying ominously during receptions.

In January, 1948, Mr. Truman asked a committee of architects and engineers to take a careful look. Here are their findings.

*From the *House & Home* edition of *The Magazine of Building, Time & Life Building*, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20, April, 1952. Copyright 1952 by Time, Inc. 79

The original construction was good. For example, 18th-century craftsmen had laid the big sandstone blocks of the outside walls with joints of only $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch masonry that would be hard to duplicate today. But, after a century and a half of tampering, the whole building was dangerously overloaded and as shot through with holes as a Swiss cheese.

Almost every president since Adams had been enthusiastically "improving," punching doors here and there, boring holes in floor beams, studs, and brickwork for pipes and wires, blithely dropping in heavy concrete and tile bathrooms at random on the old floor joists.

Very nearly the last straw was a weighty steel-truss and tile roof put on in 1927 by Coolidge. In the original design, the top floor had been suspended from wooden trusses that held up the roof, and these trusses rested on the outer stone walls, which had adequate foundations to carry the load. In the Coolidge renovation a new 3rd floor was put in, built on new beams and trusses of steel.

These changes should have added up to greater strength, but for one almost fatal error: some of the trusses were footed on brick interior walls whose foundations were barely strong enough to support their own weight. With the tremendous load pressing down on them, the interior walls started to

settle and a destructive load was thrown onto the crumbling central piers.

A 90-ton weight rested directly on one interior brick partition which was only nine inches wide at 2nd-floor level, was never intended to bear a load, and was grounded on pulpy clay. The exterior walls carried much less weight, and settled very little over the years.

The middle of the house was dropping out through the bottom. The interior partitions were sinking slowly under their unexpected burdens, cracking apart and pulling away from the more stationary outside walls.

When workmen began stripping away plaster late in 1948 they found gaps of three to five inches between inner and outer walls. Engineers said the slightest earth tremor would have sent the whole building crashing down like a house of cards.

By the turn of the century, floors were creaking under state receptions of 1,000 and more persons, and it became routine procedure to put extra props under the East room, State Dining room, and Main hall. On Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration day, there was an average of 3,600 well-wishers in the building all day.

Inspection holes cut into the floors and walls during the 1948 survey showed that first estimates (around \$1 million) were sorrowfully low. Long-buried mistakes

came to light that boosted the bill to \$5.4 million.

When this stunning figure was released, some people wished to tear the executive mansion down, and build a new one. Others wished to keep it for a museum, and move the presidential family to a suburban White House up the Potomac.

An "ersatz" White House of new limestone, alike in every detail, would have been 5% cheaper than the present renovation. But a new building would not have been the real White House, and the majority of the American people seemed to want to preserve their national shrine.

In any case, sentiment swung the decision toward preserving the old outside walls, and plans were drawn up by Lorenzo Winslow, White House architect, the Public Buildings service, and a raft of structural, mechanical, and historical experts.

As executive director and coordinating genius of the project the commission picked Maj. Gen. Glen E. Edgerton. He had spent 40 of his 64 years as an army engineer before going to Iraq as a waterways, flood control, and irrigation consultant to the International bank.

A public invitation to bid on a cost-plus, fixed-fee basis netted some 40 inquiries and 16 actual bids ranging from \$100,000 to \$950,000. The contract went to the low

bidder, John McShain, Inc., of Philadelphia, who built the Pentagon, National Airport terminal, new State Department building, and the Jefferson Memorial.

Changes in plans and mounting costs whittled McShain's profit down to a substantial loss. Says he philosophically, "It cost our firm a small fortune for the privilege of doing this work."

Before the renovation got under way in December, 1948, workmen were screened, photographed, and fingerprinted by the Secret Service. With 100-plus different members of 19 AFL unions involved, there was an average of 260 men on the job at any one time, as many as 350 at the peak of operations last year.

During demolition, workmen dug from under the first floor a box obviously intended for discovery some centuries hence. Contents: two 1902 Washington newspapers, seven Indian-head pennies, two nickels, a dime, four 2¢ stamps, and a bottle of rye whisky. President Truman ordered the box buried under the building for some later generation.

The actual renovation was a sort of architectural dentistry, a beam-by-beam replacement of practically the whole structure. Everything had to be done with kid gloves lest the building come crashing down or some ornamental detailing be broken apart.

Murray Bonham, carpenter's foreman, explained, "The idea was to

wreck the White House gently, *without* any TNT. Whenever the men on the walls got too rough, I'd make them come down and put them to work on the wheelbarrows. I'd explain that we weren't wrecking a tenement, and they'd get the idea."

Doors, hardware, furnishings, paneling, and decorations were carefully removed, packed and stored, the rugs sent to New York, the famous paintings and historic fittings to the basement of the Smithsonian Institution.

Most of the ornamental-plaster designs on walls and ceilings had cheesecloth backing, which enabled the crews of sculptors and craftsmen to remove many of them intact.

After the designs were removed, about 25% of them were shellacked and covered with a gelatin that hardened into a mold. From these molds the new plaster casts were made on the site, sharpened into more precise detail than the originals, which had been dimmed by coat after coat of paint. The other 75% was replaced without alteration, and the whole bill came to something like \$70,000.

Borings 100 feet down had revealed a solid gravel stratum 18 feet thick under 25 feet of soft clay, so interior piers and exterior wall foundations were poured in pits dug down to this level.

Heavy steel H columns were swung in through the lower doors

in sections, and assembled in place on the new separate footings inside, extending upward the full height of the cavernous interior to support the beams of the top story.

Another delicate maneuver was shifting the weight of the old outside walls to new foundations. "Quite a job," says Edgerton. "We would dig a series of pits four feet square and 27 feet deep down to gravel at intervals around the exterior, then pour them full of concrete. When these had set we would dig another set of pits elsewhere and so on until we had a continuous foundation consisting of 126 separate pits joined together."

As the independent, load-bearing steel skeleton went up inside the shell, this new underpinning and the old walls were tied to it by heavy anchor bars. Thus the outer walls became, in effect, curtain walls.

One of the greatest gains of the entire renovation was new basement space, two full floors of it, made possible by bulldozing out clay dirt almost to the bottom of the new foundations.

The operation was an ingenious engineering trick: gutting the old insides of the building, while holding up 3rd floor and roof, scooping out basement levels underneath, shifting the whole 85-by-175-foot masonry box to new foundations.

Planning for such an extensive project was laborious: 190 architectural drawings, 518 shop drawings,

more than 1,000 each of structural and mechanical diagrams.

Today, four years after the idea first took form, the new White House has close to 1½ million cubic feet of interior space (excluding the office wings), compared with 1 million before.

Counting the rooms as you would in a normal house, there are 54 rooms and 16 baths, as opposed to 48 rooms and 14 baths in 1949.

Five separate heating and air-conditioning units in the basement have ducts big enough for two men to sit in. They are linked to thermostatic controls that allow different temperatures in different rooms.

On the ground floor is a big new white-tiled kitchen that can serve up to 100 extra guests. Also new: a three-room doctor's suite and two new freight elevators.

New living quarters for the presidential family, on the 2nd floor, will at long last have enough closets. They will be in the new space provided by replacing the interior partitions of brick with thinner steel construction. By raising the four corners of the 1927 hip roof it was possible to add four new rooms on the 3rd floor.

Preserving the original interior dimensions of the historic ground and main-floor rooms to within two or three inches required careful planning of structure, ducts, and wiring.

To avoid any future tearing up of floors and walls, durable red

brass plumbing pipe and conduits for future wiring have been laid so that new wires can be pulled through them when the need arises.

The present electrical system includes a fire-alarm and watchman's report network, intercom telephones, and radio and TV systems. The electrical contract amounted to a resounding 15% of the entire appropriation.

Much of the debris behind the walls went to souvenir hunters: the commission did a brisk business mailing out 13 "kits," ranging from a foot-long piece of lath for 25¢ to a ton of bricks or stone ("enough to build your own fireplace") for \$100.

Probably the one item that has aroused more interest and erroneous speculation than any other is the bomb shelter. The Secret Service, quite understandably, won't talk about it, not even to confirm or deny the cumulative picture of it that has appeared in the press in the last two years. Actually not a part of the renovation project, it was built with an \$881,000 allocation from President Truman's special funds.

It has concrete walls nine feet thick and double steel doors. Equipment includes auxiliary telephone switchboard and radio, cooking and sleeping facilities, medical supplies, and a ventilating system which protects against both poison gas and radioactive dust particles. Exact location is secret.

How to Treat Your Wife

*Some husbands don't let their wives feel
like members of the family*

By JANE WHITBREAD
and VIVIAN CADDEN

Condensed from "*The Intelligent Man's
Guide to Women*"*



YOU MAY HAVE the best intentions in the world, but you'll never be the man your wife thought she married until you understand a few simple things about her. And most of a wife's grievances would evaporate if her husband would treat her with the same courtesy he gives elevator operators, waiters or even passing pedestrians.

Your wife wants to be something more than a home appliance and something less than Mother Machree. Merely because she can distinguish between a Democrat and a Republican is no sign that she wants "equal rights" with you.

You can't become a model husband by sharing the housework, taking turns at washing dishes or diapers, or by doing your bit of cooking or mending. The last thing in the world any woman wants is to increase the emphasis on housework. That's just what happens when you get embroiled in it too.

The present-day public-relations campaign on behalf of the pots and pans is a direct insult to her intelligence. Women have a distinct and understandable yearning for a life beyond housework routine.

A wife's demands are not outrageous. Here are a few things she would like.

1. *Companionship.* This does not mean the physical presence of a man around the house when the spirit is noticeably absent. It is not fulfilled by a man behind a newspaper in the living room while the wife does dishes in the kitchen. It means a man who respects her enough to communicate with her.

This doesn't mean he must keep up a constant stream of chatter like the characters in a radio breakfast program. But your wife would like to shake off the depressing fear that you may never speak to her again. At the very least, she wants you to "make conversation" with her, to tell her what happened at the office,

*Copyright, 1951, by Henry Schuman, Inc., New York City. 167 pp. \$2.75.

Reprinted with permission.

to let her in on what you are thinking about.

2. *Sharing responsibilities.* She probably doesn't expect you to roll up your sleeves and start peeling potatoes the minute you come home from work. But it would help if you would take over the children for this part of the day.

She can't help looking on the children as yours as well as hers. She enjoys them, and since they are yours as well as hers, she wants you to show interest in them too. If you take responsibility for them, think and talk about them, watch their growth, and do things with them, you'll have as much fun with them as your wife, and incidentally deepen your whole family relationship.

3. *Partnership.* Men sometimes seem to think that it takes two to get married, but only one to keep a marriage going. You should take at least half the responsibility for building a congenial social life, finding and keeping alive mutual interests, and making your in-laws welcome. One of the greatest myths of our civilization is the notion that the wife must be beautiful from sunup to sundown, while her husband can slop around the house in any old getup he pleases.

4. *Time off.* One of the least understood problems of a married woman's life is that she rarely has a moment to herself. Even if you punch a time clock, you have at least a lunch hour you can call your own. You probably have Sat-

urday and Sunday free from work.

Your wife's peculiar role in the family makes her job continuous. She can hardly ever escape, no matter how well she has the house and children organized. Even when she's looking for a new dress, she's probably also trying to find a birthday present for Stevie or new socks for Amy. If she manages to get to the dentist, she probably must rush right back so that her sister, who is staying with the baby, won't be late for picking up *her* children, who may be staying with a neighbor who has to pick up *her* husband at the 6:23.

Your wife needs some relief. Once in a while she should be able to get away, with no strings attached. She should not have to "pick up some tobacco on the way home," or even know where she is going, or what she is going to buy. And she should not have to worry about what is happening at home while she is gone. This means you must be willing to take charge while she is away or pay someone else to do it. For this, your wife will gladly give up Mother's day candy forever.

5. *Life made simpler.* The one besetting fault of the American woman is her tendency to drive herself toward impossible perfection in housekeeping. You should not egg your wife on. There are probably 50 million women in America today who are waiting for the day when, in answer to her "I think I'll make a lemon meringue

pie today," some husband will say, "Oh, let's have something simple." Don't gloat over the fact that your wife is outdoing Mrs. Boxtree at raising begonias, or deciding that soup every night with dinner is no trouble at all.

6. *Occasional surprises.* One of the best things about romance is the constant discovery of new things.

Because dishes and diapers wait for no man, it's up to you, the husband, to inject a little surprise now and then. A kiss at high noon, if it doesn't scare your wife to death, will please her. A flower for no reason at all is worth a carload of Easter lilies. An out-of-the-blue suggestion for a date, with the children already taken care of, will make your wife remember that life can be beautiful.

7. *A share in money matters.* It's a standing American joke (among men only) that wives are bird-brained in money matters and never spend a cent where two cents would do. Yet there are plenty of statements by economists to prove that women control the major wealth of the country through their role of family purchasing agent.

The woman who has skimped, stretched, substituted, and saved to make \$50 a week do the work of \$75 does not enjoy having her husband twit her about throwing money away, even in jest. The most irritating thing you can do is to say in a horrified tone, "Where did that money I gave you last Friday

go?" Your wife will feel like telling you that, after all, she isn't keeping a pet ape in the attic.

Your wife should never have to beg you for money, any more than you should have to beg her for a meal. If her demands are out of line, chances are you've never told her exactly how much you make.

It's probably true that wives are impressed with the progressive symbols that seem to mean a family moving forward. The house instead of the apartment, the wall-to-wall carpeting, the fur coat, the bigger car may make your wife feel you're getting ahead.

Too many American families make a fetish of "things," and consider the showering of them on people as a substitute for love. If your family thinks this way it may be your fault. Perhaps you have put all your interest and energy toward success in business, with seldom a thought for your wife and children beyond occasional gift tokens.

Small wonder, then, if your wife considers the most important thing in life to be keeping up with the Joneses. Are you surprised, then, if she puts great stock in your routine gifts at stated occasions? If you're that sort of a husband, it would be well for you to decide that chasing rainbows is not life in itself. Then you will be able to rejoin the family as something more than a star boarder. You will be more like the husband your wife thought she married.

The Catholic Worker Movement

A spokesman states the aims of a controversial reform movement

By GEORGE A. CEVASCO

THERE is probably no other Catholic organization more misrepresented and more misunderstood than the Catholic Worker movement.

Strongly anticapitalistic, the *Catholic Worker*, the movement's penny paper, is so radical that it often makes the communist *Daily Worker* look like a journal of reaction.

"But aren't they communists?" queries a young college student.

Quips a learned Jesuit, "The lunatic fringe of the Church."

"If you want my opinion," adds a leading Catholic layman vaguely familiar with the movement; "I think they're a bunch of fools."

The late Peter Maurin, French peasant philosopher, and Dorothy Day, newspaperwoman convert, set up the nucleus of the movement 19 years ago. Their monthly newspaper is the *Catholic Worker*. The first edition, a mere 2,500 copies, was sold on Union square on May day, 1933. Within three or four months the circulation bounded to 25,000 copies, and the present circulation is well over 65,000. Most of its readers are subscribers, but the paper is still being sold on street corners throughout the country.

The *Catholic Worker* is directed to the worker in a broad sense. The paper is mostly concerned with the poor, the dispossessed, and the exploited. It seeks an audience with all who work.

It accepts without question the authority of the Church. Yet it takes fullest advantage of the freedom in the Church to clarify the Christian attitude towards capitalism, the state, and war. Articles in the paper generally are concerned with strikes, unemployment, and pacifism.

The *Catholic Worker* gives testimony that the Church is not lined up with capitalism, with the wealthy, with the state, and the forces of reaction. Instead, the movement's ideal is a distributist society. In the last generation, Chesterton, Belloc, Father Vincent McNabb, and Eric Gill were the great distributists who opposed the servile state, the "providential state" as Pius XII recently called it. Capitalism, to distributists, is just as bad for mankind as socialism.

Distributism is the English term for the political philosophy which holds that workers, not the bosses or the state, should own the means

of production. Decentralized factories, part owned by the workers, should be set in green fields, where every worker would also have his home and garden.

The *Catholic Worker*, with its stories of poverty and exploitation, it has been said, aroused many priests to start labor schools, to go out on picket lines, and take sides with the worker, and has brought about an emphasis on the need to study sociology in seminaries.

Other articles on labor and capital led Father John Monaghan and a group of union men to form the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists. After the now famous ACTU obtained its start under the wing of the Catholic Worker movement, the group moved to another location to expand as an independent organization.

But there is much more to the movement than politics, labor, and capital. The movement is just as interested in the spiritual as the temporal, and many week ends throughout the year are devoted to family retreats at the movement's farming communes.

The farming communes, where each one actually works according to his capacity and gets according to his need, support many families who have gone back to the land. Surplus fruit and vegetables are sent to the movement's houses of hospitality.

Catholic Worker houses of hospitality care for anyone who applies

for free shelter, food, and clothing. Dozens of big cities in this country, as well as several cities in England and Australia, have their truly Christian houses of hospitality.

The houses are centers for the practice of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Thousands of homeless men are fed each week at the New York City House of Hospitality at 223 Chrystie St., just off the Bowery. But the Catholic Worker does not claim to be an organization of charitable institutions. Charity is dispensed only as a means to justice, a necessity until a complete change in our existing social order takes place.

How is this change to come about? Workers have to unite and form industrial-agricultural cooperatives, since the founding of such agricultural communes is the first step towards a decentralized agrarian economy. Only by means of a Christian, nonviolent revolution can our social structure be changed. The change, moreover, must begin in the hearts and lives of those effecting the change. "It's the only revolution that's never been tried," says Dorothy Day.

Using the word *revolution*, insisting on worker ownership, on the right of private property, on the need to de-proletize the worker, has made many Catholics think of the Catholic Worker as communistic. Unfortunately, they fail to realize that the movement emphasizes the papal social encyclicals.

Many theologians, it is true, hold that the Catholic Worker undertakes work in philosophical and theological fields that might be better left to the clergy. Though the Catholic Worker embraces a lay apostolate, many priests are found in the movement.

The movement, nevertheless, is followed closely by some theologians. The FBI also keeps a watchful eye over the Catholic Worker. While the movement has never been declared subversive, its uncompromising attitude towards pacifism has been condemned in no uncertain terms as being thoroughly un-American. Every issue of the *Catholic Worker* editorially rejects the draft, urging its readers to refuse to register.

Canon law forbids the clergy to shed blood. To that extent it may

be said to be favoring pacifism. The Catholic Worker maintains that this aspect of morality still awaits doctrinal development. Competent theologians have been inspired by the movement's pacifism to investigate the subject. Articles, pamphlets, and books have been written on such subjects as *Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors*, *The Immorality of Conscription*, and *The Church in War and Peace*.

Is the Catholic Worker movement communist? Obviously not.

Does it contain the lunatic fringe of the Church? Perhaps? Dorothy Day's recently published autobiography, *The Long Loneliness*, should convince fair-minded readers otherwise.

Are they of the Catholic Worker movement fools? Yes, undoubtedly, —fools for Christ.



No Problem

THIS happened at the Dublin post office where I went to buy a stamp. The woman at the head of the queue had a problem. She wished to report the loss of a registered parcel. The venerable postmistress politely heard her story, made the appropriate sounds of regret, and produced a solution.

Diving beneath the counter, she brought up a tin collecting box, and said, "You'll be putting in a coin for St. Anthony. It's St. Anthony who takes care of all the things that are losing themselves."

The pennies dropped in the slot, and, such are the people of Dublin, the ladies on either side of the counter appeared satisfied with the solution, and the queue moved on.

Roland Wild in *Park East* (June 1952).

Cutting Your Food Costs

You must know how and what to buy and how to make your family like it

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Condensed from "Solving the High Cost of Eating"*

NEARLY all of us are now feeling the pinch of the high cost of eating. Yet, for every costly food there is a cheaper alternate. Each provides just as much nourishment; and properly prepared, tastes just as good.

You may have no servant, yet be paying your share of a servant's salary when you buy prepared foods. Such items include ready-cooked frozen foods and packaged vegetables or greens cleaned and cut ready for cooking. A recent government survey found that many homemakers buy packaged vegetables even though they cost twice as much as in bulk. If you want to save money, and vitamins, prepare your vegetables yourself.

Avoid all impulse buying. Unplanned expenditures often throw the budget out of balance. Consistently buy lower-priced foods of good nutritive value. If even a minority of the 40 million homemakers in this country would persist in this, prices of many expensive food items would drop.

Be alert to learn of new foods

and food values. Your family must be willing to try new and cheaper foods. It is up to father and mother to set the example for the youngsters.

The milk bill often swamps the budget. But milk is needed especially for its body-building protein, vitamins, and minerals. The calcium builds strong bones and teeth in children and adults, aids growth, influences heart action, and keeps muscles and nerves in condition.

Your milk problem can be solved by using milk in all its dozen different forms. You can cut the milk bill 20% to 30%. And your family will still have their full quota of calcium, milk protein, milk sugar, minerals, and B vitamins. Skim milk and buttermilk contain all the properties of whole milk except fat and vitamin A.

These can easily be supplied in the general diet. Keep skim milk and buttermilk in mind when budgeting your milk allowance.

If the budget is greatly curtailed, use reconstituted irradiated evaporated milk for babies and as a bev-

*From Solving the High Cost of Eating. Copyright, 1952, by Ida Bailey Allen. With the permission of Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc., New York City, 554 pp. \$3.95.

erage. The cost of evaporated milk is half that of fresh milk.

For cooking, use reconstituted whole evaporated milk; it cuts the cost 50%. Or cook with fresh skim milk or reconstituted dried skim milk, which costs about one-third as much as fresh whole milk. If more fat is needed, add a tablespoon of fat with each half pint of skim milk in your cooking.

Spend your food money in correct proportion to provide balanced meals. At present prices this means 60% for proteins and 40% for everything else. These percentages will give you a high-protein, mineral, and vitamin-rich diet, low in fat, and restrained in carbohydrates.

A simple way to be sure you are providing the right foods is to check with the Basic Seven, advocated by the federal Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics.

1. Green and yellow vegetables, one or more servings a day.

2. Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, raw cabbage or salad greens, one or more servings a day.

3. Potatoes and other root vegetables and fruits, two or more servings a day.

4. Milk, cheese, ice cream. Children, three to four cups milk; adults two or more cups. Part of this may be taken in the form of cheese or ice cream and in dishes prepared with milk.

5. Meat, poultry, fish, eggs, legumes, one or two servings a day.

6. Enriched or whole-grain bread, or cereals every day.

7. Butter or fortified margarine, daily as needed.

It is not necessary to buy the most expensive foods to carry out the requirements of the Basic Seven. This can be done on a moderate budget. For instance, no matter what form of citrus fruit is used, fresh, frozen, or canned, the vitamin C content remains the same.

All yellow and leafy green vegetables contain good amounts of vitamins and minerals, whatever the price, especially the humblest and cheapest, such as carrots, or kale.

All salad greens, whether high or low in price, have similar food value. The lowly cabbage is tops.

Potatoes are normally budget-priced; so are many other vegetables, such as beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions. Many canned vegetables are low in cost. Most fruits are moderately priced when bought in season. And we have apples or bananas the year round. No need of buying fruits at out-of-season high prices.

Milk is available in 12 different forms at varying prices, so any family can afford milk. Cheese-food is an alternate to the more expensive cured cheese; cottage cheese is budget-priced.

All cuts of meat have practically the same nutritive values; roast beef or steaks are no more valuable nutritionally than soup meat; lamb chops no more than neck of lamb.


Some of the organ meats cost least of all, but have the highest nutritive value. All kinds of fish have comparable food value whether cheap fresh herring or expensive salmon steak. Grade A, B or C eggs have the same nutritive content. Dried beans, peas, and lentils contain valuable vegetable protein but cost only a quarter to a third as much as meat. Soy beans, at half the cost of meat, are a real meat alternate.

Enriched bread and rolls cost no more than nonenriched breads. The superenriched Cornell-formula

bread is reasonable. High-protein cereals, such as oatmeal and whole wheat, are less expensive per serving than ready-to-eat cereals containing less protein. High-protein macaroni costs the same as ordinary macaroni.

Butter and fortified margarine have the same vitamin value and the same fat calory content.

So practice selectivity. Know and appreciate the nutrients in common foods; buy carefully for food value; and in spite of the high cost of eating you can eat well and save money.



Author! Author!

THE late S. S. McClure, pioneer magazine and book publisher, was waylaid en route to his inner office one morning by a determined lady who demanded, "Did you keep your promise and read my brother's manuscript?" To be rid of her, he answered, "I did. We can't use it."

She appeared crestfallen, and murmured, "I suppose the little verses at the beginning of each chapter detracted from the story. Maybe they should come out." "No, no," said the publisher suavely. "Those little verses add to the interest. I'd leave them in."

"Mr. McClure," the lady answered triumphantly, "there are no little verses at the head of each chapter. You simply haven't read the manuscript and I'm going to sit right here until you do."

McClure, trapped, sat down to skim through the script as quickly as possible. When he did, he decided to accept it. The lady was Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson of Indianapolis. Her brother's name was Booth Tarkington. The manuscript was *Monsieur Beaucaire*.

Bennett Cerf in *This Week* (15 June '52).

Sign of the Time

SIGN on the office door of the French Information Office in New York on a recent Friday evening: "Gone to France. Back 9:30 A.M. Monday."

Quick.

BOOKS

FOR THE UNWARY

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Papacy, *John P. McKnight*. N.Y.: Rinehart & Co., Inc. 437 pp. \$5.

The Eagle and the Roots, *Louis Adamic*. N.Y.: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 531 pp. \$5.

"I can't believe that!" said Alice. "Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said, "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes, I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Pius X, like many saints, had a sprightly humor. One of his failings, in the eyes of the pompous, was the delight he took in his own name Sarto, which means tailor. On one occasion he was being pressed to make a certain bishop a cardinal. Instead of growing angry at the prolonged pressure the Pope laughed. "I'm a tailor," he said, "not a hatter."

When those outside the Church chance to write about her they are frequently hatters. The latest study of the papacy is an excellent illus-

tration of this point. Mr. John P. McKnight, the author, wants to be fair, wants to be a man of good will. He admits a revival of interest in religion; he sees the Catholic Church bulking large in that revival; and he warmly admires the character of Pius XII. His interest in the Church and his admiration for the Pope are fairly well blanked out by his preconceptions. That statement may seem to do Mr. McKnight less than justice. Let him speak for himself: "By my standards, which are those of liberal democracy, the institution of an authoritarian papacy is necessarily bad."

In the light of this conclusion it is hardly possible that Mr. McKnight should be expected to understand the spiritual meaning of infallibility, or the precise place of the Mother of God in Catholic theology—since preconception is the mother of misconception. This is roundly illustrated in McKnight's understanding of dogma, the communion of saints, and his rather amusing misapprehension of the facts concerned in Leo XIII's condemnation of Americanism.

And what must one say about his selection and interpretation of history? Here again preconception begets misconception. To say of

Lourdes that it was "staged by the Church" is to deny the very facts set down in *The Song of Bernadette* or any other factual history of Lourdes.

In the end, McKnight's misconceptions also curdles the cream of good things said of Pius XII. His Holiness, if he sees the book, will be somewhat amazed at the final strokes of his portrait: "Yet with all his excellencies, Eugenio Pacelli is, as we have already observed of all Popes, the prisoner alike of the past and of the future. Though since 1870 no living Catholic, no ecumenical council, not the body of the Church itself, may call him to account, hands dead and hands yet unborn rest heavy on him.

"He may perceive past papal error in spiritual or temporal matters, and yet be forced to keep silence, because the legend of the continuity of papal teaching must be kept alive. He may inwardly squirm at outdated dogma, as he has publicly protested at excessive veneration for antique liturgy; but traditionalism and infallibility combine to silence him. He may secretly subscribe to the truth that the modern sciences, physical and social, discover; but if the truth challenges dogma, he must deny it.

"He may envision vast reforms for the good of the Church and for mankind at large; but if precedent say nay, his hands are usually tied. That is to say, Pacelli, a modern man set down in a dank maze of

dusty dogma, musty custom, dark superstition, and moss-grown standpattism, may very well have done all that one man can do to let in light and air."

According to *Publisher's Weekly*, the publishers of *The Papacy* think it will be of interest to "both Catholics and Protestants." That it should interest some Protestants is obvious, especially if they are "liberals." That Catholics should be interested in it is another matter. However obviously good Mr. McKnight's intent was, his book is, in a practical sense, an extension of Paul Blanshard's work—though unlike Blanshard, McKnight, in so far as his preconceptions admit, tries to point out the good things along with the bad. The unfortunate thing about this and all such books is that they judge the Church and comment on her history as if she were a mere physical phenomenon. Of her essence she is spiritual, and no tabulation of physical facts can capture her or do her justice. Her whole beauty comes from within. Anything less than that appreciation is Alice in Blunderland.

Liberal preconceptions are even more prominently displayed in Adamic's apologia for Tito and all his works. That Adamic, a fallen-away Catholic and a suspected communist, should have written such a book as *The Eagle and the Roots* is not astonishing. In it he gives full rein to savage anticlericalism and hatred of the Vatican; full rein

to the glorification of Josip Broz. If in the process he should stoop to smear Stepinac, Spellman, Churchill and Roosevelt, that is beside the point. The book is viciously anti-Catholic and pro-communist.

Chapter 9 in Book One, Tito's apologia for his persecution of religion, is a good example of Adamic's general method. The horrifying facts in the chapter—far more outlandish than the febrile imaginings of Eugene Sue or Maria Monk—are taken from the remarks of one of Tito's lieutenants, "Mr. X." The proof for them is then adduced from other communists Adamic interviewed, and the legal proofs are said to be "in Serbo-Croatian" which, presumably, puts them beyond the reach of "anyone who's sincerely interested in the legality and justice of it."

To top off the impact of the chapter, to give it final proof if you will, Adamic calls on the prior of a Carthusian monastery at Pleterje

in Lower Slovenia. "Everyone communist and non-communist spoke highly of him." The prior had played a neutral part in the battle for the monastery between the White Guard and the partisans of Tito. Adamic's chat with the prior is well worthy of Alice's conversation with the Queen quoted at the beginning of this article. The prior gave Adamic a 100-page factual account of the struggle. Adamic at once tried to force the prior to read all sorts of things into the dispassionate account. The ensuing scene is worthy of Carroll at his best.

"The parts of his journals I read (Adamic says) contain no hint of his thoughts as he watched the grenade-tossing partisans storm the walls. I asked him what went on in his mind and heart; his reply was a faint smile.

"'Was he thinking of Stepinac?' I wondered in my diary. By then he knew that Stepinac was collaborating with the quisling govern-

BOOKS SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. Miss Pickett's Secret, *by Nancy R. Julian* (Winston, \$1.50).

Intermediate—9 to 12. George and His Horse Go West, *by Reese Fell Alsop* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. Rimrocked, *by E. D. Mygatt* (Longmans, \$2.50.)

Girls—12 to 16. Young Geoffrey Chaucer, *by Regina Kelly* (Lothrop, \$3.00).

Knowledge Builders. Rockets and Jets, *by Marie Neurath* (Lothrop, \$1.50).

ment in Croatia, as Rozman did with the quisling government in Slovenia. Did he imagine that the White Guards' incursion into Pleterje—possibly even the looting—was ordered by someone high up in the hierarchy? That Kolesnik acted as an agent of the political-power faction within the Church, of Stepinac or Rozman personally, bent on destroying the little there was left on the 'purely religious' faction? In other words, did the prior see the battle as a continuation of the old struggle between him and Stepinac?

"I didn't feel free to ask these questions, but I did ask him what he thought of the wartime behavior of some of the priests in Slovenia and elsewhere in Yugoslavia. And how did he explain the 'Sveti-Urh horror?' Did he know that Bishop Rozman, convicted *in absentia* as a war criminal by the Tito regime, was now in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.? And that the New York archdiocese, headed by Cardinal Spellman, had named a parochial

high school for Stepinac? For a moment after each question, the gray old man studied the transparent skin of his clasped hands resting in the lap of his robe. Then he looked up, smiled, and waited for the next question.

"I summarized the conversation at Tito's on the subject of religion, and the prior looked keenly interested. I waited for his comment. He only motioned me to take another sip of Chartreuse.

"Was he familiar, I inquired, with the American 19th-century essayist Ralph Waldo Emerson? The prior shook his head. I said I wasn't sure of the exact wording but Emerson had written that among the low religion was low. The prior studied his hands again, then he looked up; not at me but at the white wall behind me. He didn't answer.

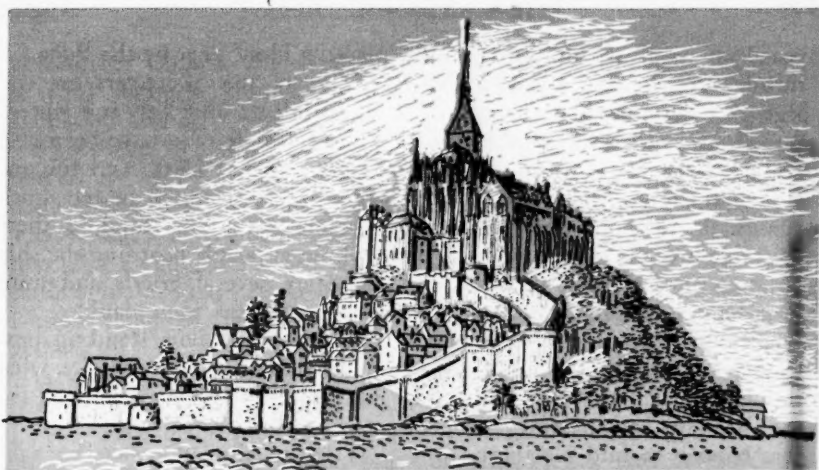
"I have never listened to such eloquent silence."

As a modern Alice might have said to the Queen, "Queen, you said a mouthful!"

A SMILE costs nothing, but creates much. It happens in a flash, but the memory of it lasts forever. It cannot be begged, borrowed nor stolen, but it is of no earthly good to anyone until it is given away. So, if in your hurry you meet someone who is too weary to smile, leave one of yours, for no one needs a smile quite as much as he who has none to give.

LAUGHTER has something in it in common with the ancient winds of faith and inspiration; it unfreezes pride and unwinds secrecy; it makes men forget themselves in the presence of something greater than themselves; something (as the common phrase goes about a joke) that they cannot resist.

From *The Common Man* by G. K. Chesterton.



The Hell Catholic

By FATHER X

Condensed from "*The Hell Catholic*"*

THE STORY of my trip to Europe starts with my coming home drunk one night, as my mother called it next morning. Sober, it never would have happened. I always thought she was narrow-minded about drinking. I told her I did have a few drinks with the boys, but that I remembered everything that happened the night before very well.

She says to me, "By the way, where is your coat?"

"Why, it's right over there, where I always put it, on the chair," I say. Actually, I am having a little trouble getting my eyes into focus, and so I just take a wild

shot that it might really be there.

My mother says, "It is not on the chair. You threw your coat on the cellar floor when you came in last night."

Father Hallan is coming over that evening for dinner. Father Hallan is a first cousin of mine and a fine man. That night mom and dad and Father Hallan go over my character in what I consider a very nasty way. Father Hallan says he is going to Europe in a few weeks and he thinks it might be a good idea if I go too. He wants to get me away from the people I have been associating with.

I am a Catholic young man, 22

*To be published by Sheed & Ward on Sept. 24. \$2. Reprinted by permission.

years old, and should have gone through college, but I didn't. College gets very hard at times, so I quit. I am not strong on plans and ambitions. I just kind of drift along. I don't like swimming against the tide and even have considerable trouble going with it. I am not a very good Catholic, to hear Father Hallan talk. I suppose I am what you might call a hell Catholic. I admit it is mostly the thought of hell that keeps me on the straight and narrow path, if you happen to find me there.

Some people tell me that there isn't any hell. I would like that quite well. I told Father Hallan that there were some of my friends who didn't believe in hell because a good and merciful God would never have made such a terrible place. He told me I might as well stop dreaming, because hell was one of the strongest teachings of Christ. He said that if I would just read the Bible I would run head on into hell several times. The way priests talk, we hell Catholics are quite an important part of the Church. I suppose about 95% of the talks priests give are directed at us.

THIS boat I am taking is not the *Queen Mary*. I wouldn't even say it was her lady in waiting. It is a very, very small boat to be sailing on the very large ocean. This is 1950, a very good year for trips to Europe because it has been de-

clared a Holy Year by the Pope.

Most of the passengers are college students and kids just out of college, people who have been able to get together \$500. And for one thing, there seems to be too much religion. As I am standing there looking at people boarding the ship there are several priests and nuns coming up the gangplank.

There is a fellow standing next to me that says, "Holy smoke, what next? It looks like we pray all the way to Europe."

I say to him, "Doesn't that take the cake? I knew there would be something, but I didn't think it would be this bad."

He says to me, "You a Catholic?"

I say, "Sure."

And he says, "You didn't talk like one. I'm not. Anyway, it's nice to meet a broad-minded Catholic."

I can't say I like this fellow that says this to me. His name is Jimmy Boswell, and he is a little bit crippled and has an ugly scar on his face. I'm no prize when it comes to looks, so it isn't that that makes me dislike him. But he seems very superior in his attitude to Catholics, even broad-minded ones like me.

I say, "Isn't it very unusual for you to be making this trip? You know, almost everybody will be Catholic."

"Yes, I know," Jimmy says. "My mother is a Catholic. She thinks that this trip will make me favor-

able to her Church. But of course it won't. Frankly, I don't like the Catholic Church."

I go down to look over the passenger list to see if I know anybody. There is a John Luther McVay, which is a very odd combination. But I am glad to see it, because it is the John Luther McVay I know very well. We grew up together.

Jack says, "I heard of this trip from some of my Catholic friends. I never expected to be allowed to go on a Catholic pilgrimage, but they said it was all right. So here I am. Anyway, I might find out what it's all about. I never learned much from you."

THERE is a lot of talk about a thing called Catholic Action, which as I get it is an effort by Catholics who aren't priests to get religion into the world. There is a lecture given by a nun, and it is a honey. You might think she would lecture on something about teaching children how to clean their teeth or sew, but no, she talks about communism. And she does know her communism, all right.

The way I got it was this. There's this guy named Marx that didn't earn enough to support his wife and children. He hung around libraries, a bum, for several years. He got just what he deserved, because he got mixed up with dialectic materialism, which in my opinion is just right for a

fellow that doesn't support his wife and kids.

Marx got mixed up with this dialectic materialism because he was a most unusual bum. Most bums just sit around a library to get warm, but this Marx picked up some books by a fellow named Hegel, which would be the last thing in the world you would expect of a bum. Anyway, it is here that Sister and I and Marx part company.

About 90% of Sister's lecture is on this Hegel, and so we'll just skip it. She knows Hegel but I don't. However, if you understand this Hegel and Marx when you get finished reading them, if you are not too tired, you will see that capitalism is on its way out. There is going to be a great rising of all the workers, and even if you're a bum sitting in a library and not working, you're going to have everything you want, because all the poor are going to steal from the rich.

THE second day out, the captain decides to have a little practice in case the ship sinks. When the bell rings everybody grabs a life belt and tears for his muster station. The crew rips off the covers from the lifeboats, and lo and behold, what should be in one of them but a very little man, with a great big bottle in his hand, and this bottle says on it, "100 Proof." This little man is very drunk, and his name,

he says, is Terence Aloysius Jones.

He says "Hi ya!" and then he asks how everything is around 42nd St., this nice fine day. Well, the captain straightens him out about 42nd St. in very short order. He says that we are about 300 miles away from 42nd St. Since he has not paid his fare he will be working very, very hard all the way there. When Terry Jones gets a chance he mentions that he would like to get back to his wife and three children in New York. On this he is outvoted about 750 to 1. So he decides that he will stay.

Terry Jones has some ability, quite a bit of it. He has written many scripts for radio and television programs and has quite a reputation for this work. Quite a lot of good things that come from radio and television come from him. If a radio station is looking for something, and if they can find which tavern he is in, which is quite a trick, he will run them off something that is quite good. But then he goes out and celebrates his success, and so his wife and children never benefit much from Terry Jones' talent.

One of the first days out, Jack McVay says to me, "What does your Church have against mixed marriages?"

Father Hallan puts his answer in a very nice way, I thought. He says, "Jack, the Church isn't trying to be mean in forbidding mixed marriages. It's interested in people's



happiness. It has seen millions of marriages and it knows what makes them go and what doesn't. It knows from experience that most mixed marriages cause unhappiness. There is something missing with one believing one thing and the other another thing.

"Catholics aren't the only ones who dislike mixed marriages. Almost all religions disfavor them. Take the children of mixed marriages, Jack. It is very silly for them to be told by one parent how much religion means and then to see the other parent going off in an entirely different direction."

There was a great attendance at Mass on the boat every morning. I am sure this impressed Jack McVay because he used to talk about it. Many of the kids would stay up very late at night with their partying and fun making, but about 95% of them would be at Mass in the morning. There were so many priests on the boat, that they had Masses through most of the morning. Jack went to Mass too, and he was tremendously im-

pressed, especially by the Consecration and Elevation, when the priest holds up the Host, and all the heads bow down all over the chapel. When we came out of Mass Jack said, "What *is* Mass all about? It must be something important."

Although I know something of the Mass, I'm scared to show it. "Well," I say, "It's something that Catholics go to every Sunday. They have to. You go there and pray, and it's a sin if you don't go."

Well, Jack McVay doesn't think that I have given him much of an explanation. And I haven't. Then I say to him, "I could tell you a little about Baptism," but he says, kind of discouraged, "No thanks, I think I'll ask Father Hallan."

Father explains about the Mass in a new way, at least to me. "Jack," he says, "there was one time in the whole history of the world, and only one time, when God was praised and thanked the way He ought to be. That was when His own loving Son, Jesus, freely gave up His life on the cross. There was never anything done nor ever will be that compares with it. That's what the Mass is, exactly the same as the cross, except there's no blood. The priest brings Jesus down on the altar and Jesus offers His life again and again in every Mass, and God is as pleased with the Mass as He was with the cross."

After what seems like the long-

est crossing since the voyage of the *Mayflower*, we dock at a harbor in France called Le Havre. It is a very poor city, and the harbor is mostly wrecked. I can see why Europeans don't get overenthused about all the liberations they have had for a couple of hundred years.

Most of the people that I am with have sense enough to follow along with the scheduled tour. But Jack McVay talks several people, including myself, into going to see this monastery at Mont St. Michel.

Mont St. Michel is certainly a good start for anybody that doubts whether Europe has anything worth seeing. It is a monastery built out on a rocky island. It's very high, it stands absolutely alone, and the spire seems to go right up into the clouds, taking your heart and soul with it.

TERRY JONES wants to see a doctor very badly about a spot near his eye. He mentions to Father Hallan that he is getting terrible headaches all the time, and Father advises him to go straight to Paris and see a doctor, and the next time I see him is in Paris.

When we come into Lisieux I ask one of the guides what St. Thérèse did when she was living to make her a saint. He gives me a very poor answer. He says that as a girl she came to this convent and worked hard and prayed hard, and there isn't a whole lot more that could be said for her.

Well, I don't know too much about saints, but I know there must be more to her life than this. I thought that she must have started some new kind of nuns or done great miracles. But Father Hallan tells me just about the same as the guide does. St. Thérèse never did anything remarkable in her whole life. She lived the ordinary life of a good nun. But he says that living an ordinary life very well is a very hard thing to do.

You can tell Paris is a big city right away because it has lots of taxicabs. They tell me that it is a law in Paris that if a taxi hits you at any place except an intersection it is your fault. I would say that these taxis are just waiting to catch you jaywalking.

If you are a Catholic, you can hold your head very high in Paris, because throughout this beautiful city there is one beautiful Catholic church after another. Besides, on street after street you come to the burial place of this or that saint.

John Desmond brings me down to a terrible section of town, and over in a field that was cluttered with all kinds of rubbish, there are some kids. He yells, "Jean!" and about 15 kids come running up. There is a baseball diamond laid out and the kids have a baseball. They have a club that does pretty well for a bat. I haven't come over the Atlantic ocean to play baseball with a bunch of kids, and I am very angry. I am put on first base

and John Desmond is doing the pitching. The batter runs for third instead of first.

John yells over to me, "These kids have never played baseball before in their lives. Go over and explain to him he should run to first base."

I give John the dirtiest look that I can muster up. I then go over to this little Frenchman. I say, "*Allez, allez,*" and point to first base.

But he doesn't *comprenez* at all. So I take him by the arm down to home plate. I hit the ball just like he did and then I run to first base to show him how.

John Desmond yells to me, "You're doing fine."

But I just scowl at him. Finally, we let the kids know we are going. They let out a whole string of French words which I don't know. These little Frenchmen think we are the greatest Americans since the last ambassador handed them a big check from Uncle Sam.

UP to a few years ago people called the makers of the big cathedrals silly, and the ages in which they were built the Dark Ages. When I was at school, we thought we knew that art was really a great waste of time. The "wise" guys all took science. But they should see one of those great cathedrals of Europe. I believe they would change their minds like I did.

I think Chartres may be the finest of all. It stands out all by itself in a broad plain. It is wonderful. Desmond said it is like a great prayer rising into the sky. They say it took 400 years to build, and I can easily believe it. Chartres is supposed to have the most beautiful stained-glass windows in the world, but the formula has been lost and people can't make them like that any more. I suppose the fellow that lost it was looking for the formula for gunpowder and mislaid the one for stained glass.

The last day in Paris I see Terry Jones. Down the street there is a great commotion. Two policemen have in hand a very boisterous American and it is Terry Jones. He is drunk and is singing *Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous*, but the police don't seem to appreciate his singing, or his French. I get Father Hallan from his hotel. When Father Hallan and I come into the judge's room, Terry Jones begins to sober up.

Father Hallan just says, "Terry you were doing so fine, why didn't you keep it up?"

And Terry, who has sobered up considerably, says in a whisper, "Father, the doctor told me today that I have cancer. There are spots all over my body."

After Father Hallan and I leave, Father says, "The poor fellow, I feel terribly sorry for him." He and Father Hallan didn't go to Germany with us; they go down to



Lourdes instead, to pray for a cure. I don't hear from them or see Terry again till we arrive in Rome.

To get into Bavaria, which is part of Germany, from France, our train goes through a tunnel. All of a sudden there was a great roar and the train stops. Someone shouts, "The tunnel is caving in." Suddenly there is a great crash of glass and our car sways over in the opposite direction. Part of the dirt wall fell against the car and piled through the broken window.

We all plunge for the door at once. People from other compartments rush for the exit; we are all jammed together, pawing and clawing to get out. When it is all over, I am scratched and bruised up, though I don't remember anyone going for me.

Suddenly some one shoves us all back again: it is Jack Desmond. He shouts, "Get back in there all of you! There's nothing to be excited about. We will be all right. Just a small part of one of the walls has fallen in." Pretty soon some men came into the tunnel and started

getting it away, and soon after that we were off again.

WE GET to Oberammergau just in time to get our stuff into our houses and wash up a little before we go to see the Passion Play. As tired as we were, we sat spellbound as we watched the Passion of Christ being acted.

You know it is a crying shame that America, the home of movies and Broadway, has had only about two shots at doing a life of Christ. It's one thing to read about Christ's suffering and another to see Him slapped and pushed and whipped and crowned with thorns. In the Passion Play you see it. Like in any other show, everybody hates the villains, which in this show are Annas and Caiphas, and they are two of the nastiest pieces of goods I have ever seen.

But then, of course, there is no use getting especially mad at them because they aren't the villains at all. It's everybody that ever lived and sinned. So this play is different from any you'll ever see. You've got a part in it that you can't be proud of. I thought the saddest part of the whole play was when Christ was raised on the cross and everybody around was laughing at Him and His Mother was looking on.

To relax after the play, some of us walk around about the city that night. There is music and dancing and lots of people on the streets,

and this makes you feel a little better. The actors and actresses that were in the play are walking around too, and who should we see coming along hand in hand but Judas Iscariot and Mary Magdalen! Judas has lost all his meanness and has a big smile on his face.

He speaks English, so we talk to him and find out that he goes to Mass every day and so does most of the town. I tell him that he has a great play that would be a sensation the world over and would make a lot of money. Now right here is what I consider the prize remark of the whole trip. This fellow Judas says, "We have already been offered a great deal of money to put this play on for Hollywood: they want to come here and photograph it. But we don't want money."

THE MOST beautiful part of Rome is the Vatican. Maybe this is because it was designed by Michelangelo. His paintings cover the whole ceiling of the Sistine chapel and the whole wall back of the main altar. They say that when he was doing the work, the Pope used to come into the chapel every day and tell Michelangelo to get a move on himself. Then Michelangelo would come down from the scaffolding and tell the Pope that if he thought he could get it done any better or faster himself, he should do it.



The Vatican is a little independent state. I hear some people are very frightened of it. They think that down in its cellars and side rooms plots are being made to overthrow the world. Let me tell you this, you needn't fear the power of the Vatican. Suppose, for example, that Italy were to make war on the Papal State. About all the trouble they would have is readjusting their gun sights, because if they weren't careful they would shoot right over the Papal State and into Italy again.

Terry Jones had gone to Lourdes to pray for a cure. I know that there are only a few people cured by miracles each year at Lourdes out of all the thousands that go there. But I kind of thought that Terry might get one because he seemed so deserving.

When Terry Jones and Father

Hallan came back to Rome, they were terribly enthused, as though a miracle had happened. Terry was bubbling over more than I had ever seen him. He couldn't wait to talk to us. "It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me," he said.

"Were you cured, Terry?"

"No, I wasn't. I didn't want to be specially, when I saw all the terrible cases that were there, many of them worse than mine. I prayed for them. No, I wasn't cured in body, but I was cured in mind. It made you feel that there were things that were more important in the world than health."

I thought that if this is what Lourdes can do for you, then I am very sorry that I didn't go there, too.

Terry was failing fast. About the last hard thing he did was to attend a big audience with us in St. Peter's. Church was never like this at home. In the U.S., you are supposed to be very quiet and reverent, but in St. Peter's everybody yells at the top of his lungs when the Holy Father comes in. You are not at all ashamed of it, and it doesn't seem a bit out of place.

When we got into St. Peter's things sort of quieted down because we had to wait some time for the Pope. Suddenly, everybody crowded to the center aisle, and a mighty roar filled the church. People were pushing and shoving to get a better look.

A long way off you could see a very small figure in white being carried on a chair. There were people in red and black all around him, but he was the only one in white. It was the Holy Father, 260th successor of St. Peter the Apostle, father of about 400 million Catholics. When he passed us, a great cheer broke out. He leaned over to us with his hands stretched out and a wonderful smile on his face. I was real proud, and cheered as loud as I could. As I looked to my right, there was Jimmy Boswell. He was yelling for all he was worth, holding a candle in one hand in a very irreverent manner and waving a big white handkerchief in the other.

THE VOYAGE home wasn't very happy. Terry Jones was dying. Cancer, which is a very terrible disease, was making terrific headway in his body. Father Hallan came up to me as I was smoking a pipe by myself. He asked me to come to Terry's room. I was shocked. Terry was almost a skeleton.

When he saw me, he gave a little smile to show that he knew me. "Well, old man, how would you like to be dying?"

Let me tell you I didn't want to. Not only because of its pain, but because they say you must face Christ when you die and tell Him all the good you have done, and I could see right then that I would have an awful hard time thinking

up many good things to tell Him.

Well, if you ought to think of your death every day, I am years behind time, so maybe it would be a good idea for me to think of it twice a day to make up for lost time. Terry Jones died a week after we docked, regretting the mess he had made of his life, but praying for God's mercy.

Father Hallan has been made chaplain of a Newman club, and he sure keeps the Catholic students jumping. He carries around two little books. One is called "People I must check up on once in a while" and the other one is called "People I must check up on all the time." I am in the second book.

He keeps me pretty busy around his organization so that I won't get into too much trouble. I serve his Mass every day. It is 6:30 in the morning. But I like it. I've changed.

You'd be surprised to see me on Sundays. I don't stand in the back at Mass like I used to. I go right in and kneel down because you feel more like praying this way, and like to pray better than I did.

I think this trip to Rome did this for me. When I saw all that religion meant to some people, it seemed to me that maybe it was worth it at that. I met some wonderful people. They weren't people that kept their hands folded all the time to show how good they were, but real good-looking, interesting people. They weren't ashamed of their faith, so why should I be?



Communist Tortures in Missionary China

*Protestants and Catholics alike have
suffered and died under the Red regime*

By FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

Condensed from *Collier's**

A BLOOD-RED flag flying atop a pole on the far side of a small muddied stream is the dividing line between communist-controlled China and free Hong Kong territory, barely 30 yards away.

News reports stated that I was at this border line just as nine Maryknoll missionaries walked over the bridge, through the barbed-wire fence, and stepped once again into freedom. Their gaunt, ash-gray faces and sunken eyes reflected the mental and physical persecutions they had suffered in Red China. Yet I seemed to sense that their joy at being free again, and the love they carried deep within their hearts for the Chinese people, overshadowed memories of miseries endured under communist captors.

Hundreds of persons have since asked me, "What happened to the missionaries behind the Bamboo Curtain? Is it true that they were beaten and tortured, and hanged

and shot in mass murders during religious purges?"

Here I record not only the experiences of these Maryknollers, but the stark truth as I myself saw it, and as it was entrusted to me by others, Protestant and Catholic missionaries, American and European, as well as China's own. They are the sad, sordid stories that hordes of savage men and women out of the Red East have been writing as they trace the tragic history of our time in blood and torture and death.

They are stories that sound like carbon copies of one script, so much does each one match the other. But actually they are the experiences of hundreds of heroic men and women who, devoted to the service of God and man, remained at their posts in every corner of China as the Red flood surged southward.

These stories speak for silent hosts of murdered missionaries. They speak, too, for other brave-

spirited, humblehearted hundreds who are still enduring living death somewhere behind the Bamboo Curtain. These living dead are condemned to hard labor or solitary confinement in dungeons, after torturous drillings and mock trials by the very people whom they had dedicated their lives to save.

Two hundred, 500, 1,000 miles from the sea, through the infinite complex hills and valleys of China, marched the Red army. And the principal objectives of these hating men were the Protestant and Catholic missions where ministers or priests would be found at their daily tasks; where, in their convents, foreign and Chinese Sisters were conducting schools and orphanages, performing their multiple works of mercy.

In the dead of night they came, ten, 20, 30 soldiers armed with guns with fixed bayonets. They came banging on doors of convents or mission compounds, demanding entrance. Across the hills as far as one could see, the earth seemed to be afire as the death shrieks of the bayoneted, burning victims mingled with the eerie, wild cries of the communist soldiers: "*Sa-aat! Sa-aat!*" ("*Kill-l-l! Kill-l-l!*")

What happened then? The same as in every other country of the world where communists are in power and free men are enslaved. Churches and rectories were at the mercy of soldiers who daily invaded them, desecrating, pillaging, de-

Cardinal Spellman has given all the rights to this article to the Maryknoll Missioners, who care for Korean orphans of all creeds.

stroying. Properties were confiscated, dispensaries closed. Religious were forbidden to teach, and communist substitutes incited the children to revile and attack the missionaries.

"Down with the Church, down with all missionaries, down with their God!" Parrot-like they screamed as they threw garbage at the nuns, spat upon them, cursed them and called them vile names, ripping their habits and tearing the veils and bonnets from their heads.

After these revilings and ravagings, the personnel of the missions were either jailed under false charges or kept under "house arrest." This, mild though it may sound, is an ugly ordeal. Held prisoners in their own missions, Religious dare not leave their rooms except twice daily, under guard, for three-minute periods. They are denied the privilege of shaving or bathing, and are limited to one daily cup of water for drinking and one for washing. Rosaries and breviaries are taken from them and they are strictly forbidden even to pray!

One soldier, noticing a nun's lips moving, suspected that she was praying. He warned her that she would be hanged by the thumbs

if she continued. Thereafter, while praying, the Sisters held in their hands the communist literature which they had been commanded to read, so that their guards would think they were studying. Instead, they were praying to God for the freedom of China and the conversion of their captors.

When the Reds first dominated China, all missionaries, men and women, were mistreated alike. Following their pagan pattern, the communists looted and burned hundreds of China's churches, mission schools, convents, and monasteries. They hanged, shot or fiendishly tortured to death not only missionaries but also Christian men, women, and even children.

The terrible truth of this is perhaps best stated by tragic figures. In 1948, just before the final domination of China by the Reds, nearly 28,000 Religious worked in that country, including foreign and Chinese Catholic and Protestant missionaries; only about 1,800 Religious are left in that vast unhappy land.

Later, new orders came from Stalin's puppets: stop killing foreign missionaries; imprison, torture, exile them; condemn them to solitary confinement or hard labor, but discontinue public and mass executions. Somehow, their poisonous propaganda had gone awry. Mass murders were glorifying, not vilifying, missionaries to the outside world, and peoples began slowly

to waken from lethargy as they read, pondered, and finally believed the reports of heinous communist crimes perpetrated upon the innocents in the Far East.

Thus, the Red regime continued to put to death in "wholesale lots" their own Chinese clergy. But they spared foreign missionaries from outright murder, subjecting them instead to every agony conceived by the ugly, crazed minds of godless men. "Anything short of murder" was the standing order of the day, every day.

As the communists moved into the southern provinces their invariable program was to charge the missionaries with one or more "crimes": giving medicine or money to bandits; spying for the U.S.; preaching sermons about God or the atom bomb; murdering orphans and killing babies.

Then came "house arrests" which ended only at the whim of the captors, when nuns, ministers, and priests were taken to "regular" prisons. Usually they were led by ropes wound around their necks, with elbows pinioned behind their backs. Churches and convents were confiscated and became neighborhood trial courts. The accusers stood on the altars while communist soldiers beat the prisoners in the sanctuaries. Battered, broken and bleeding, many were dragged by ropes up and down the church aisles before they were shot or clubbed to death. Thus did China's

churches under Red tyranny become bloodied scenes of true martyrdom!

Often after their trials missionaries were brought back to their own churches and subjected to the cruel humiliation of imprisonment in the very places where they had conducted their ministry. Crucifixes and other symbols of faith were torn down before their eyes and chopped into firewood, sometimes to cook the guards' meals. Sisters were forced to witness the cruel public trials of their pastors, while they themselves were subjected to indignities that only barbaric madmen can invent.

A typical routine of the communists was to confine the nuns to one room while soldiers used the rest of the building for themselves, placing under government seal all the possessions of the convent. Even wells were sealed, under the supposition that the captors might one day find themselves poisoned by their captives. Food supplies were kept behind locked doors. The Sisters were permitted exactly 8¢ in American currency per day to supply themselves with food and necessities. From these few pennies the official delegate usually "borrowed" half.

When the well of one mission orphanage went dry, someone had to go to the river for water. The oldest of the orphans volunteered. Each morning five of them would go for water. The nuns felt that

children would be safe. They were—for four days. On the fifth morning, four of the orphans ran back to the mission crying that one had been shot. Two Sisters rushed to the river with a board stretcher and found the boy sprawled on the bank, one bullet wound in his head and three in his chest. That afternoon the Sisters and the priest buried him in the compound, the only home he ever had.

A favorite routine Red ritual was to organize huge mass meetings and then order a priest or minister to renounce his faith publicly, denounce his church, reject God. Refusing, he at once offered his life in sacrifice, the most precious gift that man can make in proof of loyalty and love of God. He would then be shot, hanged or clubbed to death.

As the square for public trials is frequently outside the mission compound, the Sisters share the agony of the victims. The beating of drums and cymbals breaks the silence of early dawn. Prisoners, their wrists bound together behind them, are marched out under armed guard, pushed to the usual raised platform, and forced to kneel hour after hour on uneven boards. Meanwhile, their accusers mount the platform, and scream out false accusations, wildly beating the helpless, manacled victims. With bony, gnarled fingers, old men and women witnesses claw at the half-dead prisoners, often punc-

turing their eyes, which then look like black holes in their corpse-like faces.

When the victims finally fall prostrate, guards, sometimes women, yank them to their feet so that they can be cruelly clubbed again. Violent young men take running leaps, like football players punting in mid-air, and viciously kick the prisoners in their stomachs until they are convulsed in agony. And, all through these appalling animalistic exhibitions, others rouse the crowds of thousands in fiendish applause, and at intervals cry out, "Kill them! Shoot them! Wipe out the American dogs!" Any witness who dares to express sympathy himself becomes a victim.

While the trials draw out hour after agonizing hour, Sisters, prodded by guards, are forced to watch the atrocities. Missionaries, both men and women, told me that the tortures of their own trials were easier to bear than the torment of listening to and watching the persecution of others.

One said, "Two men were hung up by their thumbs in a cell near D. and me. The torture was excruciating as their bones were slowly pulled from their sockets. It was almost as hard on us, for we suffered unspeakably with them, hour after hour, until they were released in merciful death."

Three Sisters were forced to watch similar savageries inflicted upon a Protestant missionary for 13

hours. Armed guards were stationed in the room to see that the Sisters did not cover nor close their eyes, and, when one of them could no longer stand the sight of his anguish, she was threatened with similar treatment if she made a sound or movement to help.

In the end, through his broken, bleeding mouth, the minister was still whispering, "No!" to his torturers, who were trying to force him to publicly renounce his God. One nun said to me, "Inwardly we cheered, praying to ourselves that if we be called upon to endure such torments we could display such fortitude as did Dr. _____."

If the victims are not missionaries, but "only Christian dogs," they are kicked back to the dungeons, their tortured bodies bathed in sweat and blood, while friends and family often jeer and taunt them to prove their own loyalty to the party, thus trying to save themselves from becoming victims of this same fiendishness. The Chinese are forced not only to testify against missionaries who for years have labored to save them from hunger, disease and death, but sons and daughters are forced to testify against their own parents.

In Canton, three daughters told the court that their father was a member of the Nationalist underground and was responsible for the death of a number of communist troops. They "confessed" that they were ashamed of their father, and

"demanded" that a just punishment be accorded him. He was tortured and hanged.

But there are also examples of high loyalty and great devotion in this macabre setting of communist China. Two Jesuit high-school boys, ordered by the leader of the Communist Youth organization to make accusations against the priests, refused although they knew that the consequences would be clubbings and death. When the mother of one of the boys tucked his sweater under his arm that fateful morning, she had said to him, "I don't want to see you back here again if you say one word against those Fathers."

When the police came to her door the following dawn, she knew that her boy would never return.

Missionaries have fought valiantly to save their seminaries. Red authorities drive faculty and students from their buildings and turn the seminaries into jails. Teachers and students move from one town to another, taking over small houses, making desks of rough boards. There are no beds, so teachers and students sleep on the floor.

"The seminarians study furiously," a missionary explained to me, "for they know they are working on borrowed time. Visits by soldiers and propaganda units are frequent. Foreign missionaries teaching in the classrooms, boys at prayer, crucifixes on the walls all bring vile taunts that are soon followed

by eviction from their institutions.

"The government decided that in accordance with the three principles of 'self-rule, self-support and self-propagation,' foreigners could no longer teach in or supply money to such institutions. So, Chinese priests take over and work diligently, faithfully, and heroically. When a call came from the communists for the report on one seminary, the Chinese priest in charge painted a glowing picture of progress. The government representative smiled, as only a communist can, and replied, 'That's fine! Now close it up and send the boys home!'"

Thus fell the heartbreaking blow. "I have been told," he continued, "that the Chinese always hide their emotion, and I think that in most instances it is true. But the morning when those boys left their seminary, not one went out the gate with dry eyes. Each asked for a blessing and knelt in the dirt as I begged God's grace and mercy for him. Their thin shoulders shook with sobs as some hid their faces in their handkerchiefs, while still others proudly let us see their sorrow."

The Satan-bred Stalinites are trained to prevent their captives even the solace of helping one another in their mutual torment. Father X, imprisoned in his rectory, tried to jump from a window into a crowd of communist murderers to stop them from strangling an old couple of 80. He was himself

tied and given the "water cure," as an example, the guards said, to others "who might wish to be brave."

The "water cure," with the water often mixed with gasoline, is even given to children to force them to testify against their own mothers or fathers. Red terrorists forced the son of one reputedly rich man to give his own father the "water cure" to make him give up his money. The father did not yield; perhaps he had no money. Nevertheless, the father was executed. The boy went insane.

Pre-execution parades are almost as barbaric as the executions. The bugle sounds its weird cry, warning hundreds, dry-rotting in the prisons, that some among them have slept their last sleep. Those chosen for the day's allotment are brought out, disfigured from beatings. Their wrists and ankles are chained, and around their necks they wear a rope, the noose drawn just tight enough to gag them. This restrains the bolder spirits, as suffocating, blinded with sweat and blood, they are dragged out through the city gate and up the hill to the graveyard. Prisoners are forced to kneel facing away from the firing squad as bullets burrow into their backs.

One old man, over 80, had lost use of his legs. He could neither walk nor kneel, so the soldiers carried him up the hill in a rice basket and hanged him. Another old man,

84, too weak to stand, was "permitted" to sit while he was shot.

The executioners then paid a visit to the old gentleman's granddaughter, who was imprisoned in a cell with three missionaries. Laughingly, the soldiers told the child about the execution. When she began to cry, the soldiers threatened to put her in chains. The nuns comforted the child as best they could, silently asking God's mercy.

Many are the "treatments" that the guards and soldiers enjoy giving to the missionaries. They tie wasps in the sleeves and bonnets of the Sisters; crush thorns into their arms and necks with bricks; burn toes, fingers, and eyelids with cigarettes; and set fire to just enough of their habits to make them fear they are to be burned alive.

Suicides occur daily. One prisoner began to crack mentally under the terrible strain of solitary confinement, moaning, crying, screaming, and praying aloud. The guards cursed him and punched him with a long pole. Daily, they threw corpses' clothing into his cell. Finally these reminders of their lifeless owners took up more space in his tomb-sized cell than the prisoner himself. This is one of the favorite pastimes of Red soldiers, guards, and executioners.

When Sister R. asked permission to talk to the man, the guards at first refused; at last they agreed. She found him on the floor, huddled in a corner. He told Sister that

he knew he would lose his mind if not released. Two days later, the water boy found his body, warm but lifeless, hanging from the cell bars.

Before the communist regime, several hundred orphanages run by Sisters, sheltering over 15,000 waifs, were operating throughout China. Then came the Reds, and the treatment meted out to the Sisters followed the party pattern. Police officials would evict the nuns, removing them without any personal belongings. Soldiers, pressing guns against their backs, would drive them through the streets until they reached the police station, where they would be questioned.

Their "crimes" were always the same: excessive mortality among the orphans due to cruelty of the Sisters; being spies; and raising the orphans to be spies. Then they would be thrown into prison cells with 50 or 60 other prisoners. There they would be left for a week, a month, even a year, awaiting "trial."

Their "privileges" were the same as those permitted to other prisoners, rice gruel twice a day, one cup of water for drinking, one for bathing, and permission to leave the cell for three minutes twice daily. If they were short enough, they slept stretched out on the bare floor. Otherwise they tried to sleep sitting propped against one another or against the walls. In the middle of the night they would be

taken out for questioning for three or four hours at a time.

Torture instruments were always left around the room, implying that this would be the next step of their punishment. Every word of a Sister's response to the questionings was written down. Subjects were changed constantly and, to trap her, the guards would tell her what she had said at a previous session, but in their own version of her words. Finally the nuns were sent back to their cells, overcome not only by the terrors they had experienced, but often also from exhaustion induced by drugs.

Eighty thousand people in Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang were brought together to witness one "mock trial." Two American Sisters were accused of killing babies. As usual, a side-show was arranged. Little boxes filled with skeletons and bones of infants were put on display as evidence of "murders" committed by the missionaries. You can walk along many streets in China, as I have done, and see the bloated bodies of babies and children in roadside gutters, dead from starvation. Yet the baby skeletons planted by communists were the evidence on which both Sisters were condemned.

One of the most heartbreaking tales from behind the Bamboo Curtain is the story of Father X and his deathless love of God. After nine months in jail, he was ready for "trial." Skeleton-thin, bound,

clothed only in stained, ragged pajamas, sneakers, and an old fedora hat, he was led out to the rolling of drums and shouting of crowds. At the church two American and two Chinese Sisters were ordered to file out and fall in line behind him. The procession was on its way. They walked together praying the Rosary. The mob yelled and cursed, shouting vile names and hurling dirt and stones at them.

At a given signal, someone yelled, "Tear off their veils!" Women yanked at the Sisters' veils, tearing them from their heads. Quickly the nuns picked them up from the dirt and carried them over their arms.

A raised section of the ball field was to be the courtroom. They were ordered to sit on saw-horses, where they were easy prey for the angry mob. Even the children seemed to enjoy the morbid spectacle; shouting and pushing, they reached out to molest the prisoners. Mothers in their teens, some with babies in their arms, also watched and participated in the bestial, pagan exhibitions.

The first accusation against Father X was that he had spoken against the agrarian movement. He denied this; so two young men swore they heard him, and it was an accepted fact.

He had extorted money from the poor because he had a basket for rice donations at the church door.

His dog had bitten a woman, years ago. And on and on for six hours of similar false charges. Asked to acknowledge each "crime," Father did not even attempt to answer the barrage of accusations.

What were the Catholics doing during this tragic ordeal? When it began, one woman stood up and said that the priest never extorted money from the people. She could utter only a sentence. The judge silenced her, shouting, "You are a wealthy landowner and have no right to speak."

She replied, "I am not, but—"

Angrily the judge interrupted, "There are landowners in your village; so that takes away your right."

Guards grabbed her, roped her arms behind her, and shoved her off to prison. Then guards began circulating among the people, listening for a word, watching for a facial expression, any indication that might signify sympathy for Father X. Within 15 minutes, 19 more women and one crippled young man had been beaten and jailed.

The missionary was given no respite. But the judges, who in turn had taken several recesses, became weary, and decided to end the prosecution. One judge stood up, repeated the charges, and declared that countless others could be made. After each accusation, the "will of the people" was asked. A

group of youngsters, previously coached, yelled, "Death or life imprisonment!" Father was then returned to jail to await the verdict of the judges.

It came two days later. He was condemned to death. Soldiers with bayonets pulled, pushed, and prodded him to the graveyard. There, before the eyes of thousands who dared not shed a tear, the guards began to club him. Bystanders beat him about the face and head. Father tried to remove his sneakers. A guard yelled, "Stand up straight. That's not necessary!" "Yes, it is,"

he answered steadily, "I want to die just as Christ did!"

"Quickly, my Lord, quickly," were the missionary's last words. Soldiers pierced him with bayonets; then cut off his head.

In the evening, when the crowd had gone, his mission boy, frightened but faithful, claimed Father's body. The boy and a friend reverently wrapped him in a blanket and buried him in the dead of night, on the land to which he had given the greatest part of his lifetime. Surely that night the angels sang about that Shansi village.



Flights of Fancy



Hangover: something to occupy the head that wasn't used the night before. *Chrysler Shop Talk*.

The wind was telling ghost stories. *Pipe Dreams*.

A sleepy fire nodding and dozing over the chunks of wood. *Pipe Dreams*.

A cat twisting itself in and out of the porch rails. *Mary C. Dorsey*.

Finally the hostess tiptoed into another topic of conversation. *Lynn Alexander*.

The quilted softness of a grandmother's cheek. *Cosmopolitan*.

The boys came in starving at the

tops of their voices. *Amarillo Globe*.

Geese writing their changes of address on autumn skies. *Stanley Dylewski*.

Mischief: what a small boy saves for a rainy day. *Good Housekeeping*.

He studies the map of his father's face, with the swift knowledge of a trained explorer. *Phyllis Bottome*.

Bird-Office in choir at 4 A.M. *Sister Mary Celine*.

At the age when his voice was changing gears. *The Catholic Basic Reader*.

The earth in chasubles of wheat. *Sister Mary Claire, O.S.F.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

Retire With Dignity

*There are thousands of interesting things to do,
but choose your program wisely*

By GEORGE H. PRESTON, M.D.

Condensed from "Should I Retire?"*

As their first act on the first day of their retirement one couple carried out a ritual. They took their battered alarm clock and hung it on the wall. They set the alarm for high noon. When the alarm was due they stood at attention before the clock and let the bell ring all the way out for the last time. Then they decorated the ancient clock with a red ribbon marked in large letters, "Honorably Retired." They could now spend time as they pleased.

Newly retired persons should learn this rule: Take things easy. Join the sidewalk-supervision gang. When you see someone doing something interesting, stop and watch him work. Finding out what other people are doing and what they think of their jobs is one way of

avoiding premature *rigor mortis*.

If you are lucky enough to retire you will probably have much less to live on than while you were working, but you can be poor, retired, and happy. The difficulty about retirement is not living on a reduced income but doing so without regret. Happy retirement depends upon a person's state of mind and his scale of relative values more than on cash income.

When you retire you are too old to live on a tyrannical schedule. If you are sleepy you should be able to stop and sleep. When you are tired you should sit down. When it is cold and wet outside you should stay indoors, dry and warm.

Not long ago I happened to meet a retired couple who had broken the rules and were teetering on the edge of complete dis-



*Copyright, 1952, by the author. Published with permission of Rinehart & Co., Inc., New York City. \$2.50.

aster. The man was a little older than his wife, and together they had saved a substantial sum of money. They retired without any plan. They expected to travel, but they found that traveling cost more than they had counted on. They settled down in a small town, again without planning in advance. Soon both of them were bored. At that point, they bought a filling station and soft-drink stand just outside a village.

The gas pumps were not covered. When it rained the man was wet most of the time. Fortunately the climate was warm. He knew enough about his physical condition to avoid changing and repairing tires; but the lunch counter used many cases of soft drinks every day, and he had to lift, pile, and unpile the heavy cases. He soon found his breath getting shorter.

When he finally consulted a doctor he was told he must not lift anything heavy, and must have at least eight hours in bed every night in addition to one hour of rest after lunch. He could not follow such directions if people began to call for gas at six in the morning, and the lunch counter did its biggest business from nine o'clock to midnight. His wife could not cook and serve, and also fill gas tanks. But if they were to make a living they had to keep the place open seven days a week. To retire again they would have to sell, and the place could not be sold quickly.

Every retired person should have a chance to see that couple as I did. If anyone says to you, "Why don't you buy this little business?" be very careful. Measure the duties and the confinement against your strength. Allow for a margin.

No retired person need fear being stranded with nothing to do if he can afford complete retirement in the first place. If it is necessary to supplement retirement income, the problem is somewhat more complicated, but the opportunities are limitless. Still, the question should never be, "How much can I earn?" but, "How little extra money can I get along with and how can I earn the required amount with the least effort, and in the least time?"

Some people can carry their lifelong interests into retirement and make them supplement an inadequate income. Many little basement hobby shops have turned into neighborhood repairing and tinkering services. Many spare-time activities can also be made to pay.

Not long ago a man came by and asked if I would like to have any knives or scissors sharpened. I walked out to his little truck with him. On a board he had a chalk list of figures, 50¢, \$1, 35¢, and so on. While I was there he added 50¢ for the scissors he was sharpening; then, pointing to the list, he said, "When that adds up to \$8 I quit and go home. That's all my wife and I need." He had the right

idea. He worked for just what he needed. When he had that he stopped.

The other day a man came by to sell honey. On a small scale, bee-keeping, which is one of the oldest human arts, can fit wisely into many retirement programs. Of course, raising other small animals and even tropical fish also belongs in this category. But remember to start on a small scale so as to test your strength, the suitability of your chosen climate, and the available market. Please do not think you can raise animals without hard work. Even chickens. Did you ever clean a chicken house?

Weaving and basket work, though they are often thought of as invalid or sickroom occupations, can become fascinating.

Block printing can be expanded into making highly decorative Christmas cards or book plates or printed fabrics. All you need is a piece of well-backed linoleum, a strong, flat table, a knife, a hammer or a screw press, and some paint.

Here is a partial list of things which can be made with little investment and little output of physical strength. Baskets of all kinds. Simple woodwork, birdhouses, weather vanes, flower boxes, rustic furniture, toys of all sorts, wooden lettered signs, mailboxes.

With a little more skill, patience, and practice than is necessary for ordinary woodwork, beautiful model furniture, ships, houses, animals,

can be made. Carved and wired lamp shades belong in the same class.

Another whole realm of making things is opened up by other people's hobbies. Fishing, for example, provides an almost limitless number of items which can be made.

Photography offers a wide field for retirement activity both for pleasure and at times for real profit. The fascinating pastime of collecting can become a source of income. Here is a minute sample of things collected: stamps, sea shells, land shells, old prints, timetables, theater programs, books, glass, china, miniature everything, match-box covers, autographs, combs, quilts, Indian-arrow points, firearms, old kitchenware, furniture, models of ships, trains, stage coaches.

Above all others, Church work offers the widest range, the most, absorbing interest and the greatest comfort. Some with little faith can cultivate what they have and find it profitable.

There are thousands of activities which retired persons can take up, some of them fascinating to many people and others attractive to only a few. But activities should be considered with great care. Be sure that your chosen activity suits your physical condition as it is now and as it seems likely to be for the next several years. Remember to choose an activity which you can give up at any time without serious loss.

Chaplains Go to



DURING the 2nd World War the infantry suffered the highest percentage of combat casualties, the army air corps was next, and the army chaplains corps was third.

The proportionate casualty rate among army chaplains might have been even higher but for their training in the chaplain school at Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Enemy bullets have cut down a large number of combat chaplains since the corps was established in 1776 by the Continental Congress. In each of the nation's wars the chaplain has stood beside the servicemen to bring them spiritual guidance, courage, and strength. In peacetime the chaplain goes with the troops in training. In wartime he goes with them into battle.

Before taking their posts with the fighting forces the men of the cloth don the khaki for a five-week intensive training course at the chaplain school. The school does not



An abandoned school serves as a chapel in

School

The army chaplain takes specialized military training before he joins the GI's in Korea or Western Germany



Korea while Chaplain Leonard F. Stegman offers Mass for men of the 3rd infantry division.



Father Cyril LeBeau, a 1st lieutenant, arrives at the Fort Slocum school to begin his five-week course.

teach theology—its students are already ordained.

He must learn the organization of the army, the customs and courtesies of the service, military law, how to read a map, how to set up an altar in the field, and how to use the best counseling techniques.

Sometimes as many as 30 de-

nominations are represented in one class. The students live in barracks, make their own beds, clean up their own area, and have their quarters inspected once a week.

A course in character guidance is one of their important studies. The clergymen, while they may be experienced in ministering to the



Col. Joseph R. Koch, commandant, welcomes Chaplain LeBeau and outlines the school program. Colonel Koch is a Catholic monsignor.

Settling in their new quarters, Chaplain LeBeau and his roommate, Chaplain John Steers, a 1st lieutenant, discuss their new life.





Basic field training includes use of maps. Maj. George Birney explains a map-reading problem.

needs of their home flocks, may have something new to learn about the complex spiritual and moral problems of the armed forces.

They study speech techniques, how to use a microphone, and how services are televised, so they can effectively use the Armed Forces Radio Service.

First Lt. Cyril LeBeau is typical of the students. Born in Cheshire, Mass., Chaplain LeBeau is 28 years

old. He attended St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, Md. He was ordained May 28, 1948, and served briefly as an assistant at St. Patrick's church, Hinsdale, Mass. Father LeBeau spent two and one-half years at Our Lady of the Angels in Worcester, Mass., before entering the chaplains corps in October, 1951.

Although assigned to Camp Edwards, Mass., Chaplain LeBeau was sent first to the chaplain school

where he learned to practice much of the discipline required of soldiers.

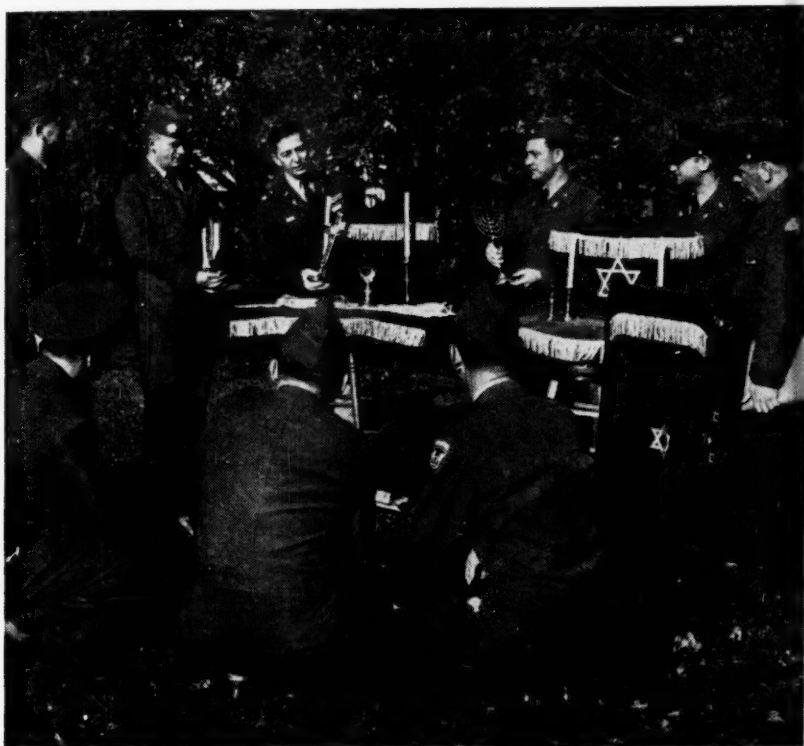
The Catholic chaplains are especially busy on this GI campus. At six each morning they offer Mass in a basement room containing 17 altars.

Before classes begin, they say the Rosary together. Catholic personnel on the base frequently attend the

Rosary devotions, and may also participate in the simultaneous Masses.

After classes, which occupy most of the day, the Catholic chaplains must find time to say the breviary, and study in the library.

When the chaplains have completed the course, they are assigned to bases here or overseas. Chaplain LeBeau has requested an overseas assignment.



Chaplain Edwin Leverenz, a Lutheran minister, explains the design of a field altar. The cross in his hand is used for Christian services. It is a crucifix on one side, a plain cross on the other. Chaplain David Raab, a rabbi, holds the candelabra used in Jewish services.



The class in personal counseling is under the direction of Maj. Osborne E. Scott (standing), a Baptist minister. Major Scott has been an army chaplain since 1941. A graduate of Oberlin college, he received his master's degree in counseling at Columbia university.



Royal Canadian Army chaplains also attend the school. Chaplain LeBeau (second from left) meets (left to right) Capt. Gordon Mercer, Episcopalian priest of Ontario; 1st Lt. James Scobey, a Presbyterian minister, and Capt. Robert Dobson, United Church of Canada minister.





While classmates critically observe his delivery, voice, and manner, Chaplain LeBeau preaches his sermon. He can see himself on the monitor TV screen at the back of the studio.



Lt. Col. Maurice E. Powers, 7th infantry division chaplain, distributes candy to refugee children near the front in central Korea.

➔
Members of the 65th regimental combat team receive Holy Communion in Korea from Chaplain Emmett L. Walsh of McAllen, Texas.

Capt. Henry J. Palmer, 10th corps chaplain, officiates at a wedding in Kwandae-ri, Korea. 1st Lt. Robert Lawson places the ring on the finger of 1st Lt. Madelaine Quinne.



PHOTOS BY
TOM CAFFREY
AND U. S. ARMY





A New Latin-American Edition of *Catholic Digest* in Spanish

STARTS IN
OCTOBER



In October, 1952, a new edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST will be published in the Spanish language for the more than 100 million people of Latin America, as well as for Spanish-reading people in the U. S. A.

Resembling our domestic edition in size and quality—and carrying screened advertising—it will fulfill a desire long expressed by leaders of the 90% of Latin Americans who are Catholic.

Its purpose will be to cement in closer cultural and spiritual friendship the people of the North and South American continents.

Please read page 69 inside for additional information.